PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH
SEP 4 1946

Th. New Statesman and Nation, August 17, 1946

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

H. G. WELLS
By Bernard Shaw

Vol. XXXII. No. 808. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 109
THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE FUTURE . . . 111
WHY FARMERS ARE DISILLUSIONED. By L. F. Easterbrook 112
GLORIOUS BEVIN. By Sagittarius . . . 112
DUTCH DIARY. By Critic 113
THIS ENGLAND 113
REPORT ON GERMANY—II. By James P. Warburg 114
H. G. WELLS. By The Editor 115
THE MAN I KNEW. By Bernard Shaw . Page 115
DON PASQUALE—II. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 115
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . . 116
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 116
CORRESPONDENCE 116
From F. F. Seeley; Ernest Davies, M.P., C. P. Woodhouse; H. F. W. Cory; S. K. Ratcliffe; Victor Pasmore; Henry Savage; Jack Carruthers; Rupert Hart-Davis.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Naomi Lewis . Page 119
REVIEWS:
Multitude and Solitude. By Clough Williams-Ellis 120
The Heir of Wilberforce. By K. John. . 120
Ruling Burma. By D. R. Rees-Williams, M.P. 121
A Revolution in Films. By William Whitebait 121
Shorter Notices. 122
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 123

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEAR

ON the level of human decency (which is not that of international politics), everyone felt glad when Mr. Byrnes shook hands with Signor de Gasperi as he came down from the rostrum after putting the Italian case before the Paris Conference. Though Italy's imperialistic adventures were not the work of "one man," it is true that the mass of Italians were as innocent as any of us of warlike desires, and that thousands of Italians, especially among the workers of the North, fought bravely against Fascism as soon as they had the chance. It is true, too, that Italy is harshly dealt with in the proposed Treaty. Unfortunately the feelings and needs of the common people of Italy have played little or no part in the treaty-making. The Foreign Office and the State Department still plan, as they have throughout, to make Italy, Austria, and Bavaria a Catholic bloc to be cordoned off against Soviet influence. They fear, with good reason, that Yugoslavia will take the first opportunity to absorb a free Trieste and that Russia hopes to oust Britain from control of the Adriatic. Fearing Russia in the Mediterranean, Britain holds on to the Italian colonies. Mr. Molotov retorts by denouncing the "monopolistic position" of other Powers in the Mediterranean and complains that Anglo-American capitalism is bent on the "economic enslavement" of Italy. And the Soviet Note to Turkey proposes joint Russo-Turkish, not international, control of the Dardanelles. In a word, the Treaties are being discussed in an atmosphere of mutual fear and war preparation.

A fortnight ago we published a letter from Dr. Ernest Jones, the eminent psychologist, in which he argued that Russia's constantly expressed fear of being attacked (which he assumed was ill-founded), was evidence of her own only half-conscious aggressiveness. In this letter Dr. Jones showed himself more at home in psychology than in politics. It is scarcely accurate to say that "no one in the Western world, except perhaps a Communist, considers that either America or Britain is likely to *attack* the U.S.S.R." It is the Americans, and not the Russians, who are in possession of atomic bombs, and in America sensational publicists openly advocate a preventive atomic and bacteriological warfare upon Russia before the U.S.S.R. has the chance herself to develop modern weapons. The same doctrine has been preached in this country. Further, a world-wide Catholic crusade against the Soviet Union has been launched from the Vatican, and in America Catholic sentiment already approaches hysteria; in Europe, a similar fever spreads, particularly among Poles, while in Asia the first Cardinal to China urges, logically enough, that war with the U.S.S.R. would be better now than later. Nor has the U.S.S.R. only words to fear. In China, the "Communists," who, on the report of non-Communist observers, represent the first uncorrupt and reformist government that China has had for centuries, are being attacked by the armies of Chiang Kai-shek with the active support of American aeroplanes, troops and munitions. In China, in spite of the sincere and patient efforts of General Marshall, it is the U.S.A. and not the Soviet Union which is actively intervening. Again, while Russia has extended her sphere of influence over Eastern Europe and presses forward ideologically and politically in the Near and Middle East, the U.S.A. has taken over the Pacific Ocean as her sphere of influence, is in sole charge of Japan and is building bases on islands conveniently situated off the Siberian coast. To complete the picture, General Eisenhower is now touring the Republics of South America with a view to organising them into a single hemispherical area of American power.

Soviet methods have alienated and disappointed millions of her admirers all over the world during the last twelve months. This journal has been outspoken in criticising Russian intolerance and her lack of regard for Western opinion. But Dr. Jones and others who are seeking a psychological basis for peace should also turn their attention to the new American imperialism. For every Russian recalls what few Westerners remember—that the last war ended in Archangel and not in Berlin. Russia, as a correspondent points out in our columns this week, has been repeatedly invaded from the West, and to-day sees everywhere a hostile world organising military power against her when she is still devastated and enfeebled by the cruellest invasion in modern history. But it is literally true that no one is in a position geographically or militarily to invade the United States, and it is here that Dr. Jones's analysis would seem to apply more aptly.

A strange feature of American psychology to-day is their fear of the atomic bomb which at the present time they alone possess. Dr. Jones might examine the effects of the use of the atomic bomb on the American conscience, where it has worked almost as much devastation as on Hiroshima. Much that is published in America suggests that American liberalism, hag-ridden by conscience about the atomic bomb and by memory of its own reiterated denunciations of imperialism, is now desperately seeking moral excuses for expansionist activities which it has in the past always attacked. Unfortunately, Soviet behaviour often facilitates these rationalisations. But it is a fact, which Dr. Jones might ponder, that no part of the world is so full of "disproportionate apprehension" as the United States and that no part of the world has so little to fear from the outside.

A Gesture of Conciliation

The initiative taken by the British Government in instructing the Viceroy to invite Congress to form an interim Government is a statesmanlike move. It should convince India of the sincerity of our determination not to allow another deadlock to develop on the Communal issue or to use Muslim-Hindu differences as an excuse for inaction. The Viceroy's move, we are glad to note, was facilitated by the fact that the working Committee of Congress had reacted with wisdom and generosity to the provocations of the Muslim League. In a carefully worded resolution it had appealed for Muslim co-operation in the constructive work of establishing Indian Independence and done all in its power to remove the suspicions and misunderstandings

caused by Pandit Nehru's unlucky statement. The resolution makes it clear that it accepts the Cabinet Mission's scheme in its entirety, and is bound by the procedure laid down for the Constituent Assembly. This ought to remove the fear of the Muslims that they will be at the mercy of the Hindu majority. An appeal was also addressed to the Sikhs to withdraw their boycott of the Assembly. In this admirable statement Congress has done all it could do at this stage to promote co-operation, but Mr. Jinnah will not respond, if at all, without hard bargaining. An ugly feature of the situation is that Mr. Churchill's attitude, echoed in a part of the Tory press, may have encouraged him to expect support from the Opposition. The next step is for Mr. Nehru to complete his Government. This is an essential step because a Caretaker Government of officials cannot manage India in face of such disruptive manoeuvres as the recent postal strike, nor rally the country to fight the famine. If, as we fear, no easy or early agreement with Mr. Jinnah is probable, the Government is likely to be formed by Congress with six of its adherents, including a Muslim and an Untouchable and three others whom it will suggest to the Viceroy. If an agreement can be reached with the League, five of its adherents may come in later. Meanwhile, the Muslim Premier of Bengal has threatened to declare the independence of that province, if a Congress Government is formed at the Centre. Such threats may be mere bluff, but the whole atmosphere has deteriorated so rapidly since the departure of the Mission, that we cannot expect an early success for the Congress policy of conciliation. The new Government, when formed, will have to combine firmness with generosity. If Mr. Jinnah declines Pandit Nehru's invitation to join a coalition Cabinet, it might be a wise move to offer him the presidency of the Assembly.

The Problem of Trieste

With the publication of the Trieste Commission's Report to the Peace Conference, it becomes clear that the agreement reached by the four Foreign Ministers, that Trieste should be a Free Territory, was more apparent than real. Between the Russian draft of the proposed Statute for Trieste and the plans drafted by the British and American delegations there is a wide gulf which the Paris Conference will find difficulty in bridging. It was agreed by the Foreign Ministers that the integrity and independence of Trieste should be assured by the Security Council, and that the Territory should have a "Provisional Government." There was unanimity in the Commission that the Security Council should appoint a Governor for Trieste; that a legislature and executive for the Territory should be elected democratically on the basis of universal suffrage; and that the rights of all citizens should be protected in respect of such freedoms as religion, language and schools. Proceeding from these principles, the Russians proposed that the powers of the Governor should be limited to the right to veto any laws passed by the Assembly "in violation of the Statute" and to refer back to the Assembly any other law which he considered to require revision. If revision were refused, he would have to remit the matter to the Security Council. The Russians also proposed that there should be a Customs union between Trieste and Yugoslavia, and that there should be no restriction on the right of Yugoslavs to become residents, and voters, in the Free Territory. The British plan, which does not differ substantially from that proposed by the Americans, would give much greater powers to the Governor. He would have the right to veto all laws passed by the Assembly, and would be required to refer the matter to the Security Council only if the Assembly refused to accept his decision. Furthermore, the Governor would have "reserve powers" for use in an emergency. The British and the Americans are united in objecting to a Customs union between Trieste and Yugoslavia, and their proposal is that only those now resident in Trieste should be enfranchised. The divergence between the drafts is much more than a matter of technical details; it reflects an obvious Anglo-American fear that the Slav bloc is working for a Statute which will enable the Free Territory to be swamped by Yugoslav immigrants, with a resulting Slav majority in the Assembly. Their difficulty will be to defend in Paris a draft Statute which the Russians will attack as being "undemocratic," as it certainly is.

Divided Germany

At a press conference in Berlin last Friday, Sir Sholto Douglas expressed the hope that the British and American Zones would benefit from fusion by the levelling-up of rations throughout the whole area. This optimism contrasted strangely with General Clay's statement a few days earlier that the merging of the Zones would make "no material difference to the food situation." The Air-Marshal said also that he hoped that the French and Russians would shortly bring their Zones into the unity which was being formed in the West. This hope, so far as the French are concerned, has already been disappointed. General Koenig, at the Allied Commission's meeting on Saturday, announced that he was instructed that France could not accede to the McNarney plan, since it opposed the principle of co-ordinated action between the four occupying Powers. In this attitude the French seem to be veering towards the Russian view that economic unity in Germany must be carried out over the whole Reich, and not piece-meal. But whereas the Russians favour the immediate establishment of five German Secretariats in Berlin to regulate trade, industry, communications, finance and transport for Germany as a whole, General Koenig appeared to indicate that, if any "central agencies" with these functions were set up, they must be Allied and not German, and in any event must have the Saar excluded from their purview. In short, the French seem to be playing for a middle position—and for time. They are reluctant to "gang up" with Britain and America against the U.S.S.R.; and they are disinclined to lend their support to any solution for the problem of Germany until the Big Three have reached an agreement about the Western frontiers of the Reich.

Action in Palestine

How far will the world be impressed by the British Government's protestations that its policy with regard to illegal immigrants into Palestine has been characterised by "patience, forbearance and humanity"? Beyond doubt, the activities of the Jewish Agency's "underground railway," about whose ramifications from Poland to the Mediterranean and Black Sea coasts the Government's statement somewhat plaintively complains, have caused the Palestine authorities "grave embarrassment." We question, however, whether the Cabinet fully appreciates with how much sympathy this (admittedly organised) hegira of refugees is being watched, not only by the United States, but by Continental countries who have experienced Nazi occupation and seen the full fruits of anti-Semitism. World opinion will be quick to contrast, however unfairly, the delays of the British Government in formulating a long-term policy for Palestine with the speed and decision with which "Operation Round-up" is being executed. Some thousands of illegal immigrants are apparently to be held in concentration camps in Cyprus. But this cannot be a permanent solution. If they are to form part of the entry of 100,000 which President Truman is understood still to desire, these immigrants will eventually land in Palestine as embittered war heroes. (The accused in the trial at Haifa this week demand treatment as prisoners of war.) If, on the other hand, there is to be no large-scale immigration permitted, how are the concentration camps of Cyprus to be emptied? The present action seems merely to postpone the decision which must in the end be taken, and to diminish still further the dwindling chances of Jewish co-operation in any settlement which the British are likely to propose.

Successor to Unrra?

Sir John Orr has now defined his project for a World Food Board, and his plan will be submitted to the F.A.O. Conference in Copenhagen next month. The Board would aim at stabilising the prices of agricultural commodities on the world markets; at establishing a world food reserve adequate to any emergency that might arise through failure of crops in any part of the world; and at providing funds for financing the disposal of agricultural products on special terms to countries where the need for them is most urgent. The idea is that, in addition to providing security for the farmers, the Board would, in La Guardia's colourful phrase, "take human lives off the ticker tape" by ensuring that in desperate times reserves would be available against famine and allocated against need. It is also proposed to create a system of long-term credits and deferred payments on capital equipment necessary for the development of the agriculture of backward countries. The stabilising of prices would, it is argued, pay for itself. Under this scheme the unfinished work of Unrra and the functions of the International Emergency Food Council would be merged in the new Board.

Army Reform

The projected reforms in army discipline and conditions, outlined last week by Field-Marshal Montgomery, may do quite a lot to make the Army more attractive as a peacetime career; but they are far from striking. Most of them were urged for years before the recent war. Some relaxation of unnecessary and petty restrictions upon the soldier off-duty and an improvement of living conditions for both single and married rankers are long overdue, though the latter may have to be postponed until the housing programme is a good deal further advanced. But there is still no sign that the advent of a Labour Government is going to produce any far-reaching and imaginative programme for reforming the structure of the Army. The Labour Movement in the past has had much to say about democratising the Services and affording full citizen rights to enlisted men, including large-scale vocational, educational and "orientation" schemes. Are these ideas now shelved? If any form of conscription is to be retained, then there can be no question of maintaining the conditions of service which were thought suitable in 1939 for a small professional force. The cadre of long-service volunteers, moreover, will have to be drawn from very different material if the necessary standards of technical skill are to be kept up. Better facilities and fewer restrictions are certainly part of any reform. But they do not go far enough.

The Farmer's Case

It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with the farmers (whose case Mr. L. F. Easterbrook argues on a later page) in their dispute with the Ministry of Agriculture. Broadly, the issue is whether it is enough for the Ministry to grant a price increase equal to the actual rise in the wage bill of the industry, or whether the increase ought to be large enough to cover the value of the labour of the farmers and of members of their families not working for wages as well. The Government takes the view that it cannot go beyond meeting the actual sum to be paid out in wages. The farmers retort that this means that, as the increased prices will go to all farmers, whether they employ hired labour or not, every farmer who does employ hired labour will have to face a gap between what he gets and what he

has to pay out. From the Government's standpoint, the additional wage-cut is being covered: from that of the individual farmer who has wages to pay, it is not. To this complaint, Mr. Tom Williams replies that the farmers ought to be able to meet some part of the increase by more efficient farming, including better use of labour; and this is a sound enough argument, in the long run. But in face of the great need for high output, and the present acute shortage of labour, there is a good deal to be said for leaving the farmers without even a short-run grievance. After all, if wages rise, it is only reasonable to regard the non-wage labour of the farmer and his sons as undergoing a corresponding increase in values.

Hours of Labour

There is a move among employers in the Midlands to counter the claim for a five-day working week of forty hours by offering to concede the five-day week provided that it is of nine instead of eight hours a day. No such move stands any chance of Trade Union acceptance. The most the Trade Unions have been ready to concede in the past, where the five-day week has been applied, is a working day of 8½ hours, giving a standard week of forty-four hours; and the trades in which this system has been applied now want to go down to five days of eight hours each. The question is, of course, partly one of overtime rates. The nine-hour day would save employers a great deal in overtime payments, and would leave a good many workers with reduced earnings for a longer working week. The forty-hour week, on the other hand, would probably mean more overtime on ordinary weekdays, offset by less week-end and Sunday work at specially high rates. We believe that most really well-organised factories could concede the forty-hour week without loss of output after there had been time for readjustment, and that, as soon as labour became more plentiful, many of them could increase total output by introducing a shift system, in some cases with a still shorter working week. The shorter week will work in this way, however, only if special attention is paid to machine maintenance and cleaning so as to ensure continuous production during the forty hours. That is crucial.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE FUTURE

DURING the forthcoming academic year every University, and indeed every agency for higher education of any sort in Great Britain, will be struggling with an insoluble problem. It will be impossible to accommodate anything approaching the full number of qualified students who are struggling to get in; and it will be, to say the least, very difficult to provide adequate teaching for those who are admitted. This situation exists, despite the continual call-up for the armed forces, because of the numbers coming out of the forces or from war work who are seeking higher education and are either being paid for out of public funds or are ready to pay for it themselves. There is, in fact, a post-war "bulge"; and this bulge will, and indeed must, continue indefinitely if the needs of the public are to be adequately met. We need, not merely for a few years but permanently, a much larger annual recruitment of highly trained persons; and we are steadily raising our standards of training in one field after another. There is urgent need for more doctors, dentists, teachers of every sort, social workers, youth leaders, and technical instructors, scientists and technicians, statisticians, economists, and other trained professionals for whom we must find institutions and teachers capable of giving the right preparation.

The recognition of this need has already led to ambitious proposals by one Government committee for doubling the University output of scientists and higher technicians, and by another for the swiftest possible increase in the number of teachers and research workers in the social and economic fields. It has led to a startling change in the finance of the Universities, which are now mainly dependent for their revenue on aid from public funds and find a greatly increased proportion of their students paying their bills with money granted either by the Government or by the local authorities. It has led also to some reinforcement of the membership of the University Grants Committee, which is the body responsible for supplying the Universities with money to meet the needs they cannot cover out of fees or endowments, and, of course, to a great widening of the powers and duties of the Local Education Authorities, under the Act of 1944, in the fields of higher cultural and technical education.

These are big steps forward; but are they enough, and are they being taken in the right ways? Take the case of the University Grants Committee, which holds the key position in guiding the course of development at the top levels of the educational system. The U.G.C. has wide powers; but hitherto it has hardly used them. When the Universities have asked it for more money, it has, in most cases, responded; but it does not appear to have regarded its duty as including any initiative on its part or any attempt to shape University policy in accordance with any conception of public needs. Perhaps this is deliberate, and is the result of an opinion that the State should not interfere more than it absolutely must with what the Universities choose to do. If so, it is, in the present condition, a thoroughly mistaken policy. It would be most undesirable for the U.G.C., whatever its relation to the Government, to interfere in any way with the freedom of teaching or of research in the Universities; but the State, especially now that it is being called upon to meet the greater part of the cost, cannot evade responsibility for ensuring that the Universities do offer a reasonably balanced choice of subjects, in accord with national needs, and do make adequate and well-balanced provision for both teaching and research in the subjects which are most in demand.

Certainly no such balance as is needed exists at present. The Report of the Committee on the Provision for Social and Economic Research, which covers a wider list of subjects than its title suggests, points out that in 1938–9 the Universities and University Colleges of Great Britain, out of a total sum of rather under £4 millions allowable to particular departments, spent well over £1 million on Arts subjects, nearly £1 million on pure science, £885,000 on medicine, over £500,000 on technology, nearly £250,000 on agriculture, and only £115,000 on all the social studies put together. Arts subjects had 373 professors, science and technology 318, medicine 144, and all the social studies only 35. Since then, the balance has been tipped still further in favour of science and medicine, at the expense of the social studies.

There are two reasons for this inadequacy. One is that in this country we have never learnt to recognise that the social studies need money for research fully as much as medicine or the natural sciences. They need calculating machines, computers, research assistants, and first-class libraries—and none of these do they possess at present, on more than an insignificant scale. Beyond this, they need to be equipped to undertake extensive field work; for they cannot, like many scientists, accommodate the materials of their research in the laboratory. They have to go out and look for it, if good work is to be done; and at present their practitioners can do this only by paying their own expenses—and probably neglecting their students too—unless they are able to get exiguous help from one or another of the small trust funds that make grants for the purpose. The contrast with America—which perhaps leans too much the other way—is glaring: the conditions in most of our Universities are such that the social student seldom has either time or money to undertake any real independent work of his own.

The second reason goes even deeper. In the minds of many highly placed University persons, the social studies are lepers. They are tainted with too close contacts with current controversies: they are enemies to be held as far as possible at bay. Consequently, by the time the claims of their few upholders have been scrutinised and whittled down by the higher University authorities, who alone can approach the august University Grants Committee, there is little left of them; and, when the U.G.C. makes unallocated grants to the Universities, the social studies are left last in the queue when the money is actually doled out. In the hope of remedying this the Committee already mentioned recommends the setting up of a special Social Studies Sub-Committee of the U.G.C.; but this will effect nothing unless the U.G.C. itself changes its line, and begins to take a positive hand in the shaping of University policy and development.

Nor is it enough to give the existing Universities a good shaking up—though that is badly needed, above all just now. There ought to be more Universities, equipped on an adequate scale and able to strike out on new lines. Obviously, the existing University Colleges—Nottingham, Exeter, Southampton and others—ought to be raised to the status of full Universities; but, over and above this, there is ample room for a number of new foundations, either based on existing local Colleges or entirely new. It is, for example, absurd that there should be no University or University College in or near a place the size of Stoke-on-Trent, where one is glad to hear that moves for a new University are already on foot; and there are other towns, from Lincoln and Carlisle in the North to Norwich or Stamford or Salisbury farther South, that are well suited to become the homes of new Universities either on the residential or on the civic pattern. Some of these new foundations could from the start give the social studies pride of place.

Possibly the U.G.C. can be persuaded to do something about all this. But there is a good deal to be said for the view that it would be preferable to have a special body—not a Royal Commission, but a quicker and less formal body—to go into the whole question and to advise the Chancellor of the Exchequer about it. For it is the Chancellor, and not the Minister of Education, who under our curious system has the responsibility for handling University affairs. This is part of the educational tradition of the "two nations"; for Universities have historically been regarded as upper-class institutions, which would be sullied if they were placed under the care of a body mainly responsible for the schooling of the poorer classes. Bad as this tradition is, it might be unwise to alter the position just now, when the Ministry of Education has more on its hands than it knows how to manage. But altered it should be, as soon as circumstances allow; and in the meantime the Ministry should clearly be represented on any committee that the Chancellor may decide to set up.

Such a committee should have a wide reference, and should be asked to report quickly—for the need is urgent. In particular, it should pay attention to the functions to be assigned in future to the U.G.C., to the relation of the Universities to the problems of teacher-training, to the balance of university studies and provision for research and teaching, and to the claims of extra-mural adult education. Failing some such stimulus, it is to be feared that most of the Universities will settle down again into the old grooves, except that more will be done for medicine and for natural science, which are well-organised and strong enough to push their claims. The social studies will again be left in the lurch, because they are under-represented in the councils of the Universities and in the U.G.C., and are suspected by reactionaries of wishing to further the creation of the new Britain for which the electorate has given its mandate.

WHY FARMERS ARE DISILLUSIONED

After a year of Labour Government there is a growing sense of frustration in the ranks of agriculture. It should not be thought that this is due to the traditionally conservative sympathies of farmers; they had no reason to be particularly grateful to Right-Wing Government between the wars. Labour has never had such a chance to establish itself in the good graces of the countryside by coming out with a practical, vigorous policy of development in our own homeland.

It looks as though it had lost that chance, anyhow so far as farmers are concerned. The way it fiddled and seemed to shirk its responsibilities in regard to farm wages was not impressive. Then there was the long delay between the Government's first warning, last autumn, of a possible world food crisis and the announcement of any measures to deal with it. There was the lack of any drive and urgency when those measures were taken. There was the extra unnecessary loss that farmers sustained through that delay in reversing the move back towards cropping and away from live stock. We still await an official policy for cleaning up our dairy herds and quality milk production, for research into those home-grown forms of protein, such as beans or dried grass, which we look like being forced to develop. It does not happen. Nothing seems to happen—not even the building or reconditioning of cottages for rural workers.

Finally, the Government have involved themselves in a first-class row with the farmers over the new prices. Its importance should not be under-estimated. The farmers are angry and determined; and the whole system of county agricultural committees for putting through a national farming programme is dependent upon the good will of the farmers for its operation. Earlier price reviews had left farmers' leaders with an uncomfortable feeling that the Treasury believed that farmers had done pretty well out of the war, and that the time had come for more austerity in the farmhouse. The last price review, to consider the adjustment of prices to meet the 10*s.* wage increase, confirmed this suspicion in their minds. The Government, apparently, refused point-blank to consider the small farmer, doing his own manual work, in these adjustments. The effect of this is to deprive the wage-paying farmer of part of his increased costs. The N.F.U. say that the new prices recoup them for only 14*s.* in every £1 of extra cost.

This figure may or may not be accurate, but it is obvious that the wage-paying farmer must suffer some loss. For let us assume that the £17 millions extra which the Government are offering through increased prices does represent the actual cost of the advance in wages. Because it is added to prices, the farmer employing no labour inevitably shares in it. The farmer who does pay wages is therefore short by the amount of that share. Lest it be thought that the family farmer is on a good thing, his share of the increase will be less than he would have obtained had he been a paid labourer. In no other industry is the self-employer thus excluded from an increase in labour costs. In the road haulage business, for example, labour costs are estimated per ton-mile, and transport is paid for at that rate, whether the lorry owner be an employer or an owner-driver. It is also alleged that the price readjustment has been used not to reimburse wage-paying farmers for higher wage costs in each branch of the industry, but to further the Government's desire to favour certain commodities. Fat stock, for example, are penalised, although wheat growing is (rightly) encouraged. Lack of feeding stuffs has done quite enough to unbalance the industry without such differentiation in allowing for increased costs.

These are some of the reasons why a sense of frustration and cynical disillusionment has descended upon the countryside, so that a farmer who has not spared himself on national work on his county committee throughout the war said to me the other day: "It's every man for himself now. The Government are only waiting for the end of the food crisis to sell us down the river again, just as every Government has done for the last seventy years. I'm through. I'm not going to be party to leading my fellow farmers up the garden." It is significant that farmers do not blame Mr. Tom Williams for this, except possibly to deplore that he is "too much of a gentleman" for "dealing with the people he has to deal with." They put the blame, rightly or wrongly, in higher places, including the hands that hold the nation's purse strings.

It is a tragedy for the countryside, and a tragedy of lost opportunity for the Labour Party. But, which is far worse, it promises to become a tragedy for the whole nation.

For a glance at our food situation today is enough to show that we shall have to expand our agriculture, rather than contract it, and for many a long year ahead. We have not any longer the overseas investments to finance our vast pre-war imports of food by pre-war methods. We shall want more, rather than less food through our rising standard of living and the interest we are taking in nutrition. Much of that increase will be fresh food, best grown in our own country. At the moment, there is the greatest sellers' market in the history of the world. When that begins to adjust itself, the development of secondary industries abroad will give our export trades all they can do to provide goods to exchange for necessities we cannot produce at home. Unless F.A.O. is a fraud and Freedom from Want a mockery, there are not going to be the food surpluses to go round to feed nations too lazy to grow what they reasonably might. Moreover, the comfortable theory that only British farmers are inefficient, and that farmers abroad are ready to grow for us at much lower prices, has now been thoroughly exploded. Much of our imported food is dearer than the home-grown, and we know now that farmers overseas were in a worse way than farmers in Britain between the wars. Those nations are tired of supplying us at below production cost to subsidise our exported manufactures in competition with theirs.

There is yet another, and highly disturbing, factor that is now becoming increasingly evident. Countries that used to export to us grain and more concentrated feeding stuffs are becoming increasingly reluctant to do so. They want to use those feeding stuffs themselves, either for their own better nutrition or to export to us as the finished food article, at far higher cost. Dried egg from America and meat from the Argentine are only two of many examples.

The time has come, therefore, to challenge the established view of those in high places who dream of a return to a small, specialised agriculture in this country, hanging on by its eyebrows while kind people abroad bankrupt themselves to feed us at below production cost. I believe that we have got to set to work and grow every ounce of food we can in this country, and, unless we do that, we shall be faced with a desperate shortage of food and feeding stuffs not only this year and next year and the year after, but in ten years' time, and onwards until we bestir ourselves.

The encouraging thing is that it can be done. We have only been playing with the possibilities of increasing food production in Britain. It is no good looking to the established, skilfully managed farms for the increase. We must have a policy and a drive for raising the output and efficiency of a host of farmers in a middle group, more efficient than many, but below the standard of our best. We must look also to the hills for our help. There has lately been a Hill Farming Bill, but it is less than half-hearted in the light of our needs. In Wales, in Scotland and on the Border there are vast tracts of land, to be numbered in millions of acres, that await development. One-third of Britain is represented by such land. At present it is carrying a shepherd's cottage and perhaps a thousand sheep to 1,500 acres for half a year. Not all that land is usable. But a very large proportion of it is improvable beyond knowledge by modern technique and the discoveries of science. Take the Welsh hilltops at Dolfor, in Montgomeryshire, for example, which used to carry a sheep to the acre for half a year. The Montgomeryshire Committee have reseeded them. They still carry a sheep to the acre, but a Hereford bullock as well; and the stock-carrying capacity of the land has so much increased that it may prove feasible to use some grass for silage or for drying, and keep a bullock to the acre for the whole twelve months.

Mr. W. J. Cumber, a practical farmer whose counsels in public life contributed much to our wartime food effort, has estimated that we could increase food production in Britain by at least another 40 to 50 per cent. Mr. A. P. McDougall, one of our greatest experts on livestock farming, has said much the same, producing statistical evidence to show how we could add 25 million sheep or 5 million cattle, including calves, to our livestock population, simply by turning our capacity for growing grass to good account.

But it will not happen just by waving a wand. It will not happen even by the mere offering of better prices. We have got to develop our own land with the same vigour and enterprise as we have settled our Empire, and perhaps with more vision and better planning. We must show at least as much human understanding as our Saxon forbears in creating rural communities where men and women can live a social life. We must provide roads, houses, water and power. Above all, we must create a sense of confidence in the good intentions of this nation towards its agricultural population. That is just what this Government has failed to do. The barometer of farming confidence stands lower today than it did a year ago.

L. F. Easterbrook

GLORIOUS BEVIN

Britain stands where she stood of yore,
  Furriners east and west.
Waves may break and tempests roar,
  Britain will stand the test.
Over the foam in calm and storm
  Her signal lights do gleam,
And Britain's batsmen run true to form
  Now Attlee leads the team.

They be grand lads all and our hopes be high
  For Britain's first eleven,
But the pick of the bunch, it seems to I,
  Is Bevin, glorious Bevin.

These be the names that Britain backs,
  Stafford and Herb and Clem.
Hoare and Eden and Halifax
  Weren't never a patch on them.
Bevin, he bain't no Tory toff,
  His talk is plain and free,
But he tells Molotov where he gets off
  So he be the one for we.

O, some by Thames and Tyne were bred
  But Ernie by the Severn,
And there's none can punch the furriner's head
  Like Bevin, glorious Bevin.

Pitt and Palmerston, Russell, Grey
  Were born of British stock;
We're in need of the likes of they,
  Chips of the grand old block.
Britain rules o'er the raging tide,
  Though Britain's Isles be small,
And our name and fame spread far and wide,
  A match for furriners all.

Pitt and Palmerston, I'll be bound,
  Be looking down from heaven
And they say "Old England be safe and sound
  With Bevin, glorious Bevin!"

Sagittarius

DUTCH DIARY

CEREMONIAL occasions are usually more than I can bear, but I was glad to be present on Walcheren Island the other day when General Hakewell-Smith unveiled a memorial to the members of the 52nd (Lowland) Division who were killed in landing there in November 1944. The occasion was both unusual and dramatic. Behind us were the ruined houses of Flushing, destroyed by British shell-fire, and the wide lands that were laid waste by sea-water when our bombs broke the dykes. We stood on a small jetty with Dutch and British soldiers as a Guard of Honour, and the citizens who had lost their homes grouped round as spectators. The sun shone and a fresh wind flecked the sea with white horses. The Mayors of Flushing and Domberg, who had both been leaders of Dutch Resistance, made the presentation, and the General expressed his gratitude to those who had so greatly aided the British landing. He thanked the people of Walcheren for so readily understanding that the British were forced to devastate their island so that the all-important port of Antwerp might be swiftly opened. Five Highland pipers, representing the Scottish regiments who make up the 52nd Division, played *The Flowers of the Forest*, and the lament of bagpipes, whose music I found noisy and boring when played afterwards at close quarters during lunch, was singularly moving and apposite in the open air. On the next jetty, half a mile off, there stood, untouched, the bronze statue of Admiral de Ruyter, whose broomstick swept the British Fleet up the Thames two hundred and fifty years ago. He had his back to us, as was fitting, for this was an occasion on which the British had invaded the Dutch and the Dutch had welcomed them.

* * *

Later in the day we were able to see a constructive side of Anglo-Dutch co-operation. A party of Dutch and British students, resisters to war, are working together in helping to reclaim the land. It is heavy work digging trenches in the sodden clay to drain off the sea water. The Dutch have already done a surprising amount of such reconstruction, and heavy rain has helped to wash away the salt; although there are still many acres of derelict land and it will be long before the crops grow as they once did, the destruction to the land is less bad than the Dutch expected. One of the saddest pieces of devastation is in the old town of Middelburg. It must have been as lovely as any in Holland. Most of the Abdij square, the great church and the roof of the splendid Town Hall, had been destroyed. But the town was gay; a fair was in full swing. Dutch women wore their traditional costume, with stiff white bonnets and gold butterflies over their ears. Just how many skirts they wore I could only guess, but many too many, I should have said, for so hot an afternoon. We sat down and ate platefuls of the little pancakes which the Dutch make over gas jets, and the organs on the roundabouts and in front of the shows blared out as merrily as if there had never been a war.

* * *

The difficulties of post-war Holland are in many ways similar to England's. The physical destruction is much less serious than the loss of international position. In spite of the destruction of Walcheren and Arnhem, the German bombing of Rotterdam and the ghastly mistake of the R.A.F. in The Hague, the face of Holland to-day is not greatly changed. Nothing has happened to blemish the beauty of Amsterdam or vulgarise the perfection of Delft. Restaurant food is as good as it is expensive, but the worker certainly eats less well in Holland than in England. The real problem is that the Dutch, who, like the English, must export to live, have lost their greatest market, which was Germany, and become far more dependent on Britain and America. Dutch business men have been quicker than any other to demand normal trade with Germany. Moreover, they know, as the British know, that the great wealth that came to them from their overseas territories will never be restored to its pre-war value. Dutch prestige was shattered when the Japanese entered Indonesia and the awakening of Asiatic nationalism is big with even greater consequence to the Dutch than the loss of overseas investments and Far Eastern trade is to the British. They must borrow to live, and they are even more tempted than the British to waste their reduced substance on military expenditure.

* * *

I had a long talk with Dr. Jonkmann, the recently appointed Minister for the overseas territories. He is one of a small group which includes Dr. Van Mook and Dr. Logemann (Jonkmann's predecessor at the Ministry) who have specialised for the last twenty years in Indonesian questions. They have constantly advocated a liberal policy and fought against the conservatism of the Fatherland Party. Dr. Jonkmann was himself interned by the Japanese in Java during the war; for the first nine months he was in solitary confinement, which he treated, after the manner of men of strong character, as a period of "retreat." His policy is unlikely to be different from Dr. Logemann's. That is to say, he will be prepared to go a long way in accepting the demands of the Indonesians; he will make peace, if he can, with Dr. Sjahrir, of whom all the Dutch speak well; but he may be confronted with demands which the right-wing group in Parliament and Dutch public opinion as a whole are unwilling to accept. The Dutch have now decided to appoint three Commissioners-General to go out to Indonesia, where they are to work with Van Mook in attempting to reach a settlement. The Government calculate that their hands will be strengthened by the Malino conversations in which officials from the "outer islands" — Borneo, Celebes, New Guinea, Bali and others, have shown themselves ready to agree to something that we should call Dominion status. Their critics say that the officers who met at Malino were only appointed by the Dutch and do not represent the people of the islands.

* * *

The Dutch express a lively horror of the "extremists" who were trained by the Japanese and have committed savage atrocities. They do not trust Soekarno who, they say, is now more powerful than Sjahrir, and they give as their main reason for sending fully-equipped army divisions to Indonesia that the Indonesians still keep a large number of Dutch citizens, including Eurasians, in the camps where they were originally interned by the Japanese. No reliable estimates of the numbers in these camps seem to exist. These prisoners are scattered in various parts of the interior of Java, and the Dutch believe they are held as hostages. Alternatively, if they are not held as hostages, then presumably they remain there because Sjahrir is not sufficiently in control of the island to release them. Indonesians to whom I talked claim that the arrangement by which Dutchmen released would not join the Dutch forces for use against the Indonesians has been broken, and that Sjahrir is therefore justified in keeping them in the camps during negotiations.

* * *

It was a thousand pities that the agreement worked out between Sjahrir and Van Mook with the help of Lord Inverchapel did not go through. Just whose fault that was I am still unable to determine. The Dutch case is that the Indonesians raised new obstacles when they asked for Sumatra to be included in the new Indonesia, and that the "Republic" they demanded would be difficult to square with the fundamental laws of the Dutch Kingdom. Something like the "Free State" formula which solved the Irish problem might here be useful. But Holland with a written Constitution, finds it more difficult than Britain did to accept a Free State within her Commonwealth. If, however, the Dutch government is bold, my inquiries suggest that such a change is not impossible. The Dutch Parliament, which numbers 100 members, contains 31 Catholics (including a Catholic Left) and 29 Labour Party, who together support the Government and could always command a majority. The two-thirds majority required to amend the Constitution could be obtained by the support of the 10 Communists and one of the other smaller groups. Apart from the Dutch in Indonesia, the stoutest opposition to granting the Indonesians the "independence" they ask for will come from the Calvinist Right, which is more conservative than any Conservatives known in England. They will not budge from their view that you must never "compromise with revolutionaries," even though it is pointed out that Holland only exists because the Calvinists led a revolution in the sixteenth century. The big business groups who were for a long time intransigeant about Indonesia, seem now to be coming round to the view that their interests lie in a liberal settlement. They might even agree to the independence that the Indonesians demand provided that Sjahrir can give an assurance that the new Indonesia will afterwards make a treaty with Holland which leaves the East Indies as an integral part of the Dutch economic and political system.

* * *

Holland is a religious country: the parties are still based on the Church, and every problem is discussed as a matter of morality. As happens so often in capitalist countries, the particular immorality that upsets them in a world of immorality, is Soviet immorality. Fear of the Soviet Union and acceptance of a coming war between Russia and the West are common. Pasted on the door of the famous chapel in which the Kings and Queens of Holland are crowned, in the centre of the Government buildings in The Hague, I found a printed notice, published by an organisation called the "Anti-Communist Legion." It consisted of a page of violent anti-Soviet propaganda. Perhaps those who put it there recalled that Luther began a century and a half of European bloodshed by nailing his Ninety-five Theses on the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg.

* * *

There are many ways of viewing the Continent. Here is a remark by a British officer overheard in the train from Italy. "I didn't think much of Venice as a place for leave except that they've opened a sort of Lido place there." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Michael Laurie

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Acrobats have been classified as sedentary workers, and are not entitled to extra bread coupons. *News Chronicle.*

Christians (retired) seek House, moderate rent.—*Belfast News Letter.*

An attack on the Government's bread rationing scheme is made in this month's Felbridge Parish Magazine by the Rev. W. H. Hewitt (vicar).

He writes: "Our ink flows to you from a heart full of black perturbation, through a pen shaking with deep indignation, conveying its message to eyes filled with consternation, because we live by bread—and bread is now rationed.—*Crawley and District Observer.*

The body of a young soldier named H. has been found under the floor boards of a house in Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. Foul play is suspected.—*The Times.*

Mr. Victor Durand, prosecuting counsel, said that in such cases it was the practice of the store to hand the dress over to charity to prevent risk of infection to other customers.—*Star.*

REPORT ON GERMANY—II

THE BRITISH and U.S. ZONES

THE moment one sets foot in the British Zone, one has the sense of entering a well-integrated section of the British Empire. Comprising the bulk of what used to be Prussia west of the Elbe, plus the Free City of Hamburg, the Zone is potentially the most valuable of the four, but is, at the moment, the most difficult and expensive to maintain. It is an area which, in spite of the most intensive cultivation, has always had a food deficit—partly because of its poor soil and partly because of its thickly settled industrial districts. On the other hand, if the Ruhr coal mines were producing at capacity, instead of at about 40 per cent of capacity, the British Zone would be producing a very substantial surplus; and, if the Ruhr steel industry were operating at even the permitted rate of 5,800,000 tons (which would be less than a quarter of wartime production) the British Zone would constitute an extremely valuable asset.

Actually, steel production in the Ruhr is running at less than 40 per cent of the production permitted under the so-called "Level of Industry Plan" signed by the four Occupying Powers on March 28, 1946, and this production is not even sufficient to meet the needs of the Zone itself. This low rate is due partly to bomb damage, but even more to the shortage of coal. Indeed, practically every problem in Germany is intimately related to the problem of coal, and to Ruhr coal in particular. Food production is held up for want of fertilizer, which cannot be made without coal. Tin cans cannot be made without coal. Chemicals and especially synthetics require coal. Power and light are still largely derived from coal, and, of course, transport, construction and public health are obviously dependent upon adequate coal supplies.

Most of Europe has always had to import its coal, since there were only three large sources of surplus. These were Britain, the Ruhr and Upper Silesia. In 1913, Britain was able to export 78,000,000 tons. By 1938 this had dropped to less than 39,000,000 tons. In 1946, British exports have disappeared altogether and there is some doubt as to Britain's ability to supply her own minimum requirements. During the war the Germans are said to have produced over 100,000,000 tons per annum out of the Upper Silesian mines, but these now belong to Poland. That leaves only the Ruhr, which, before the war, produced about 127,000,000 tons of which, in 1938, 26,000,000 were exported. To-day the Ruhr mines are producing at the rate of about 50,000,000 tons per annum, of which the Western Allies have allocated 25 per cent. to the countries liberated from German occupation. Thus there remain at present about 37,500,000 tons to take care of Allied military requirements in Germany, the railways and public services, the Kommandatura establishment in Berlin and, finally, the German civilian economy. (These figures relate only to hard coal. Fortunately, Germany is also a large producer of soft coal, useful chiefly in the form of briquets or in plants built immediately at the mines. *Braunkohle* cannot be readily used for steam or metallurgy, although briquets are being used in railway engines during the present emergency. Of this *Braunkohle* the Soviet Zone is to-day producing about 110,000,000 tons per annum and the British Zone about 40,000,000).

From these facts it becomes apparent that the number one headache of British Military Government is how to increase the output of the Ruhr mines. Bomb damage and worn-out equipment constitute a part of the problem, and the replacing of equipment means steel, which again means using more coal where it is mined—in the Ruhr. But by far the most important factors are an actual shortage of miners, and a falling off in the efficiency of existing personnel. The problem, which is largely psychological, is too complex to deal with in this series of articles.

Politically, the British Zone is not homogeneous. The Rhineland and Westphalia are predominantly Catholic and conservative. This applies even to the coal miners and to many of the industrial workers. Hanover contains a fairly large Leftist industrial population, and in Hamburg not only the Social-Democrats but the Communists play an important part. Schleswig-Holstein is mostly conservative peasant and has been strongly Nazi. The British have not as yet held any elections, nor have they turned over very much responsibility to the Germans. Their tendency is to do everything themselves. They have settled in with a large number of colonial administrators, few of whom speak German and many of whom are inclined to think of the Germans as "the natives." One high British military official spoke of a riot as a "good test for the native constabulary." Each of the five regions has a British Military Governor, under whom there is a German *Oberpresident*. (In Hamburg he is called *Oberbürgermeister*.) The *Oberpresident* has no praesidium of Vice-Presidents as in the Soviet Zone, nor any Cabinet of Ministers as in the American Zone. He is so far not very much more than a figurehead. There is an advisory council, without legislative power, and without representation of functional bodies such as labour unions or chambers of commerce. The council is simply composed, pending elections, of members picked by the four political parties.

De-Nazification in the British Zone has been slow and not very well handled. The German workman will tell you that the small fry and technical Nazis have been caught, but that the real profiteers are still at liberty. In the few cases where names were mentioned, however, investigation did not substantiate the charge. Bourgeois families and public servants, on the other hand, frequently complain that the British dragnet took in too many innocents along with the guilty, that people disappear and are not heard from, that men are held for months without trial and sometimes released after months of confinement without rhyme or reason. The British authorities admit that they have been slow, largely because they are short of man-power.

On the whole, the British treat the Germans with great fairness and most Germans realise it. They appreciate that the British Army is not living off the land, as are the Russian and French Armies, even though Britain herself is still on wartime rations. Nevertheless, both the British and the Americans suffer from the fact that they were eagerly welcomed as liberators, instead of feared as conquerors. Whereas whatever the Russians do is better than what the Germans expected, whatever the British or the Americans do or fail to do, is likely to be disappointing. The one recurring German complaint, which seems justified, is that the British do not give the Germans enough of a chance to show what they can do. This is fully recognised by the extremely competent top authorities in British Military Government, who are doing their best to eliminate the "colonial" spirit prevalent in some of the lower echelons.

* * *

The U.S. Zone is economically very largely dependent upon imports from the other Zones and from abroad. No other zone illustrates so clearly the essential interdependence of the whole German economy. All its hard coal requirements must come from the Ruhr (British) or Saar (French); and 83 per cent. of its steel must come from outside the Zone. As a result of over-all coal shortage, the U.S. Zone is to-day receiving less than one third of the coal which it normally consumes. Because of the lack of coal and steel, the largest company manufacturing food-tins in Bavaria has been closed down, and there will be a shortage of some 10,000,000 tins needed to pack the 1946 crop of peas, beans and fruit. Because of coal shortage the fabricating, processing and finishing establishments in the U.S. Zone cannot work to capacity. Nor can the pharmaceutical industry, which needs coal tar; nor the tyre industry, which needs Buna, which again means coal.

Although largely agricultural, the Zone is not, and cannot be, self-sufficient in the production of foodstuffs. To make up the deficit and maintain even a minimum subsistence level for its population requires, under present conditions of inter-Zonal barriers, an annual expenditure of at least 150,000,000 dollars of the American taxpayer's money. Nor is there any great hope for the future unless Germany is treated as an economic whole. At present there are almost half a million unemployed in the U.S. Zone, not counting those considered unemployable. The longer the present state of affairs continues, the greater will be the tendency to seek self-sufficiency rather than economic production.

Although, in economic terms, the U.S. Zone has neither a present nor a future, it has made interesting and constructive contributions to the political rehabilitation of the German people. Beginning at the village level and working up to what amounts to a Zonal administration, U.S. Military Government has helped the German population to hold elections, to organise local, municipal, county and state governments, and to begin to use and understand the processes of democratic self-government. Not only has each of the three *Länder* now a President, supported by a full-fledged Cabinet of Ministers, but it will soon have a constitution and a legislative assembly. Furthermore, there has been established at Stuttgart a *Länderat*, which is beginning to function as a Zonal government.

De-Nazification—at first slow, spotty and somewhat hesitant—has been handed over to German agencies operating under German law, and is now apparently proceeding fairly satisfactorily. There are some who feel that U.S. Military Government has been too eager to hold elections and to turn political and economic controls over to the Germans. Nor is there much doubt that, in doing so, it has given an advantage to the conservative elements, who were well organised, as against the more liberal elements, who were not. This is not quite as important as it sounds, except perhaps in Great Hesse, where the Social-Democrats are the majority party. Bavaria, with about half the Zone's population, and Wuertemberg-Baden, with a quarter of the Zone's inhabitants, are almost solidly Catholic and conservative. Taking the Zone as a whole, the conservative Christian Democratic Union has so far shown itself the strongest party, closely followed by the Social-Democrats, with Communists polling only about 9 per cent. of the votes, and the Liberal Democratic Party (the non-clerical Right-wing party) trailing along with less than 8 per cent.

The greatest weakness of the U.S. Military Government is the bad example set by the often undisciplined behaviour of the troops and the luxurious manner in which many of the top officials live. This is partly due to the Army's methods of billeting and providing mess facilities, partly to the relatively high pay of the personnel and the low rate of exchange. Unhappily it is even more due to participation in a flourishing black market, in which American cigarettes, at ten marks apiece, are the currency. In this Alice in Wonderland world of plenty, in which Americans live, surrounded by hunger and privation, a second-hand small German car can be bought for five to ten cartons of cigarettes.

Dealings of this sort not only cause bad feeling but show American soldiers and officials to be venal and corruptible. Too often, standing with Germans in a queue outside a food shop, one may hear one Hausfrau say to another: "Once it was *Parteibonzen* (Nazi big shots) who had it soft and feathered their nests; now it's the Americans."

JAMES P. WARBURG

GIVE YOUR FRIENDS ABROAD "N.S.& N." Subscriptions. Supplies for **OVERSEAS** are now unrestricted. **A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION** to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three months, 8s. 6d. **BY AIR** to any country in Europe £2 7s. 6d. yearly and to other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; *Foreign*, 1d.; *Canada*, 1d.

H. G. WELLS

In H. G. Wells the philosophy of progress through science, which runs steady from the Renaissance through the Encyclopaedists to Huxley and Wells, reached its climax. In brief, it rests on the faith that man is at root rational; that poverty, war and disease can be conquered by education and the application of scientific knowledge to human society. Like Condorcet, Wells popularised the conception of One World, peopled by rational, unrooted cosmopolitans.

Two main strands in H.G. led to this optimistic conclusion. From the beginning he rebelled against the frustrations of human personality in the petty bourgeois world in which he was brought up, and his great novels, *Kipps*, *Mr. Polly* and the rest, are Dickensian attacks on a stultifying education and an outworn economic system. The second strand was his interrupted scientific training. An ardent and imaginative student of biology, who sat for a time at the feet of Thomas Huxley, he first found his wings in a series of superb scientific fantasies, and then, gathering together his social and scientific ideas, he devoted the rest of his life to writing sociological studies, demanding in sum a World Republic—he was always a vitriolic critic of monarchy—a world currency, rational education and international socialism.

He twice visited the Soviet Union and in 1934 had a long interview with Stalin, which was published in pamphlet form by this journal with the ensuing correspondence in which Bernard Shaw, Lord Keynes and others took part. Here he reached a position not very different from that of Burnham's "managerial state." In short he demanded not the revolution of the proletariat, but a revolution by a trained technical class. In his *William Clissold* period, he hoped to convert the enlightened business men. Disappointed in this, he decided, as he explains in the clearest terms in *The Shape of Things to Come*, that the changes he desired could only be carried out by a revolutionary party. But he violently and bitterly repudiated Marx, and grew to regard the leaders of the Soviet Union as people who had adopted his ideas of world revolution and distorted them. He ended by believing that the destructive animal in man would, after all, overcome his rationality, and that *homo sapiens* would die out with other extinct species which could not adjust to their environment.

Like Bernard Shaw, whose obituary comments on H. G. W. as a friend and colleague follow this note, we have no end of things we could say about H. G. W., as a prophet, a novelist, a moralist (who more than anyone moulded the new attitude to sex in the twentieth century), and as an old friend and contributor to this journal. He was a man of infinite charm with whom it was difficult for long to be annoyed. We should hazard a guess that no writer in this century has so deeply influenced his generation.

K.M.

THE MAN I KNEW

So our H.G. is no more. He has written his own epitaph and his own biography, which is, like most autobiographies, much more candid than any second-hand account of him is likely to be; and I shall not attempt to paraphrase it. But as I knew the man—and he could not have recorded the impression he made on me even if that had been his intention—I record it myself for what it is worth.

H.G. was not a gentleman. Nobody understood better than he what gentry means: his Clissold novel proves this beyond question. But he could not, or would not, act the part. No conventional social station fitted him. His father was a working gardener and professional cricketer. His mother was a housekeeper, and by his own account not a very competent one. The two kept a china shop in Bromley, from the basement of which the infant H.G. contemplated the bootsoles of the inhabitants through a grating in the pavement, and noted that they were mostly worn out. Lower middle class, you will say: a father who in the cricket field was denied the title of Mister, and a mother who was a domestic servant, small shopkeepers both: could anything be more *petit bourgeois*, as Lenin labelled H.G.? His glimpses of high life were gained in his visits to the country house in which his mother was employed; and there he must have been a bit of a pet, though his references to it in later life were anything but grateful. He began to earn his living as a linen draper's shopman, this being in his mother's opinion a high destiny for him. Many years later, when he made his first essay as a public speaker, he kept behind the chairman's table and addressed the audience leaning across it with his fingers splayed on it in a "What's the next article" attitude. He rose to be a schoolmaster; graduated as a science student, winning a B.Sc.; and presently, like Dickens and Kipling, left it all behind and found himself a great popular story teller, freed for ever from pecuniary pressure, and with every social circle in the kingdom open to him. Thus he became entirely classless; for though Erbert Wells had become H. G. Wells, Esquire, he never behaved like a gentleman nor like a shop assistant, nor like a schoolmaster, nor like anyone on earth but himself. And what a charmer he was!

In one category, however, I can place him. He was the most completely spoilt child I have ever known, not excepting even Lord Alfred Douglas, who, having been flogged at Eton, had had to bear criticism at least once, though indeed neither of them could bear it at all. This puzzled people who regarded Wells's youth as one of genius chastened by poverty and obscurity. As a matter of fact it was one of early promotion from the foot of the ladder to the top without a single failure or check. He never missed a meal, never wandered through the streets without a penny in his pocket, never had to wear seedy clothes, never was unemployed, and was always indulged as more or less of an infant prodigy. When he reproached me for being a snob and a ready-made gentleman, I had to tell him that he knew nothing at first hand of the horrors of chronic impecuniosity in the progeny of the younger sons of the feudal class who had the pretensions and obligations of gentility without the means of supporting them. Editors had jumped at his stories and publishers at his novels at the first glance: I wrote five massive novels and had to endure nine years of unrelieved failure, before any considerable publisher would venture on mine. It hardened me until my shell was like iron: H.G. was pampered into becoming the most sensitive plant in the literary greenhouse. His readers imagined that this man who understood everything could pardon everything. In fact the faintest shadow of disapproval threw him into transports of vituperative fury in which he could not spare his most devoted friends.

But do not infer from all this that H.G. was an intolerably unamiable person who made enemies of all his friends. One remembers the saying of Whistler's wife: "If I die, in twelve months Jimmy will not have a friend left in the world." Douglas could not live in the same house with his wife, though they lived and died on affectionate terms. Yet H.G. had not an enemy on earth. He was so amiable that, though he raged against all of us none of us resented it. There was no malice in his attacks: they were soothed and petted like the screams and tears of a hurt child. He warned his friends that he went on like that sometimes and they must not mind it. When Beatrice Webb, whom he consulted as to his filling some public position, told him frankly but authoritatively that he had not the manners for it, which was true, he caricatured, abused, vilified and lampooned her again and again; but I never heard her speak unkindly of him; and they ended as the best of friends. He filled a couple of columns of the *Daily Chronicle* on one occasion with abuse of me in terms that would have justified me in punching his head; but when we met next day at a sub-committee of the Society of Authors our intercourse was as cordial as before; it never occurred to me that it could be otherwise, though he entered with obvious misgivings as to his reception, which at once gave way to our normally jolly friendliness.

Nothing could abate his likeableness. I once had to lead the case against him in public debate when he joined the Fabian Society and attacked its leaders (ten years older, tougher and more experienced than he), not only challenging their policy but recklessly defaming their characters and imputing disgraceful motives to them. I forced myself on the committee as its spokesman to save him from being slaughtered by sterner hands. That I easily and utterly defeated him was nothing; it was like boxing with a novice who knocked himself out in every exchange; but the Society, though it did not give him a single vote, reproached me for my forensic ruthlessness and gave all its sympathy to H.G. If he had been the most tactful and self-controlled of mortals he would not have been half so well beloved.

H.G. was honest, sober and industrious: qualifications not always associated with genius. He loved to assemble young people and invent new games for them, or referee the old ones, whistle in hand, as became the son of his father. In an age of masters of the art of conversation like Chesterton, Belloc and Oscar Wilde, the Prince of Talkers, he was first-rate company without the least air of giving a performance. Nobody was ever sorry to see him.

His place in literature and in the political movement of his day I must leave to another occasion or other hands. He foresaw the European war, the tank, the plane, and the atomic bomb; and he may be said to have created the ideal home and been the father of the pre-fabricated house. To Fabian Socialist doctrine he could add little; for he was born ten years too late to be in at its birth pangs: the work had been done by the Old Gang of the Society as well as it could be done. Finding himself only a fifth wheel in the Fabian coach he cleared out, but not before he had exposed very effectively the obsolescence and absurdity of our old parish and county divisions as boundaries of local government areas.

There is no end of the things I might say about him had I space or time. What I have said here is only what perhaps no one else would have said.

(*World Copyright.*) G. B. S.

DON PASQUALE—II

Livelier than any musical comedy in town is *Don Pasquale* at the Cambridge, and I shouldn't be surprised if the bold experiment of putting on a little known Italian opera for a run were to prove highly successful. The only pity is that the management didn't think of reprinting for the occasion one of the old Victorian opera-books, with Italian and English texts facing one another; it would have increased our enjoyment tenfold.

The production shows many traces of Glyndebourne, as is only natural with Signor Erede at the conductor's desk and Signor Stabile on the stage. Admittedly both stage action and orchestral playing could do with more precision and refinement, but the essential gaiety and sparkle are never absent. The decor aroused mixed feelings: some of Joseph Carl's sets are pretty, notably Ernesto's room and the garden; but his taste is uncertain. Much the same may be said of Michael Benthall's production, which is full of vivacity and invention, but doesn't know quite where to stop. The notary was too funny by half—perhaps nowadays one should say, by two-thirds; two naked Negroes in a Roman mansion seemed a tall order, even for Norina; and the presentation by Don Pasquale to his young bride of a collection of toys and dolls was a piece of gross vulgarity which ought to be scrapped at once, no matter how loudly the audience may guffaw.

As Norina, Alda Noni delighted us all by the typically Italian suddenness of her transitions: one moment a drooping convent lily, the next a combination of Spitfire and Hurricane. Her "rehearsal

duet" with Dr. Malatesta was immensely comic, and she wrecked Don Pasquale's household arrangements with sublime self-assurance. The drawback of her performance is the shrillness of her voice above the stave, but that is an almost universal fault in the Italian sopranos of our day. Andrew Macpherson was "School of Tito Schipa" (an excellent model); hardly vigorous or varied enough in the ensembles, his light tenor fell very sweetly on the ear. As Don Pasquale himself, Martin Lawrence excelled: a capital actor with a pleasant bass voice, he made a very good shot indeed at the difficult Italian patter; but I think he ought to make the character less of a curmudgeon and rather more *endearingly* silly than he does. As for Mariano Stabile, whom rumour had killed during the war, he turned out to be quite ten times as alive as anybody else around Seven Dials; neither in temperament nor in voice had his performance abated a jot since we saw it at Glyndebourne. What diction! What gestures! What infectious enjoyment! What strange œillades and most speaking looks! I should like to make a visit to the Cambridge Theatre compulsory for every opera singer in England.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Les Visiteurs du Soir," at the Curzon
"Anna and the King of Siam," at the Tivoli and the New Gallery
"Devotion," at Warner's

Surprise: M. Marcel Carné, director of *Quai des brumes* and *Le jour se lève*, has turned from atmospheric crime study to medieval legend. It is a summer night in 1485, and two visiting minstrels ride up on horseback to a castle where a betrothal feast is in progress. (Hints of Cocteau? There will be more presently.) They take their turn among the entertainers. While the guests are dancing they cast a spell, the music dies down and the dancers remain frozen; all except the betrothed pair, who are taken out one by one to suffer the pangs of new love inspired by the devil. Then they are returned to their places, the dance strikes up again. These opening sequences, rich in enchantment and promise, are memorable indeed, and become more so as the film goes on and fails, imaginatively, to expand. We are kept, it is true, admiring the detail—watching the sun on the castle wall, the hunt going out, looking up at windows and through archways, seeing jealousies develop, seeing the Devil himself, who is not satisfied that his emissaries are playing fair. We are kept wondering what will happen next, but nothing that happens, up to the last moment when the Devil turns the defiant lovers to stone, quite satisfies or sustains the promise of the prelude. For one thing, despite a feeling for the past, the treatment relies on vulgarisms that are purely modern: Hollywood itself might have prescribed the ending, of hearts beating under stone and the Devil grinding his teeth. The introduction of the Devil—witty, but not witty enough—leaves us cold, as does the menace that should underlie the whole theme. The story in fact has turned out commonplace and has had to be touched up. Against this must be set the beauty of the background, the visual consistency that creates a sense of period and at moments transforms with emotion a piece of conjuring. But, as I have suggested, such moments are rare. *Les visiteurs du soir* lacks both the dramatic feeling and the poetry that distinguished Cocteau's *L'éternel retour*, and while restoring enchanted gardens, storms, bull-frogs and stairs to their source in Romance, it lets the magic slip away. Admirable performances by Arletty as one of the minstrels and Jules Berry as the Devil; and from the score of Maurice Thiriet I remember one Fauré-like elegy that beautifully made its scene.

Two other films this week also attempt, less notably, to explore the past. *Anna and the King of Siam* tells the story of an English governess who held her own at Court in a Siam beginning to feel its way Westwards. It's a good story, based on fact, and that is just as well, because the film is enormously long and spoilt by the usual miscastings and jumbled accents. It took me more than half an hour to get used to an Englishwoman talking American (Irene Dunne) and a Siamese King replying in pidgin English (Rex Harrison). An odd, clumsy, entertaining film. Again in *Devotion*, the Brontë piece, we have to put up with a Branwell fresh from Harvard and a curate smoothly mid-European with whom both Emily and Anne fall in love. Round him (Paul Henreid) pirouettes the tragedy of the Brontës. Needless to say, this film is wildly apocryphal even in its anecdotes. Miss Ida Lupino, out of her element, manages to give a certain dignity to prettiness and pathos.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THIS seems the moment to offer provisional congratulations to Harold Nicolson on the quality of his broadcasts from Paris. His style of delivery, the informality and ease of which are deceptive—since in fact they are the result of long experience of broadcasting—is in its way a model: even if what he said were dull, one could hardly turn him off, for it would seem rude to ignore a voice so genial and so much interested in what it is saying. For to be deeply and genuinely interested in what you are saying is the key to all successful communication. Of course, what Mr. Nicolson tells us is very far from dull, and often it is funny, as well as picturesque and informative. His humour is deliciously sly, but he never allows it to give a frivolous tone to the rest of his discourse. He is so reliable a commentator, not only because of his wide knowledge of the subject, but because his judgment of the problems involved remains acute, while keeping strict account of those caprices of situation and temperament which govern their outcome.

When the Symphony of William Wordsworth received its first performance on the air recently, I did not hear it; but having since been able to hear a recording of the broadcast, I feel it to be important to call attention to this composer's indubitable gift. In common with so many young artists of today, Mr. Wordsworth is clearly preoccupied with the tragedy of our epoch, and this has led him to write a symphony which is exclusively elegiac in feeling. The extreme compression to which the material is submitted creates an effect of angularity and monochrome; but this is offset—though not as often as perhaps one could wish—by a few passages of warmer colour, notably in the Adagio, which seems to me, for that reason alone, the best movement. The harmony is clear, logical and seldom disagreeable; but Mr. Wordsworth is not yet master of his orchestra, his effects are sometimes miscalculated, and there is far too much grumpy writing for the lower wind and brass. These faults can, and no doubt will be, overcome by experience; but it remains to be seen whether Mr. Wordsworth is capable of inventing expressive, interesting, and above all long-sustained melody. He has certainly not done so in this symphony, in which the themes are uniformly glum and bony. No doubt his intention led him to concentrate on other features of the symphonic situation; but composers who are not natural melodists (and almost none are today) would, I believe, do better to follow the example set by Hindemith and develop consciously—as Michael Tippett is doing—a new form of polyphony, without side-glances at homophonic structure. At the moment Mr. Wordsworth seems torn between both worlds. Meanwhile, although the obvious shortcomings of this symphony may tempt some to dismiss it with a shrug, its seriousness and purely musical intensity, and its many technical virtues, seem to me to place its composer among the few whom it would be foolish to ignore.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Sunday, August 18th.* Alexander Werth (1.10 p.m.); Deity Disowns Me (7); An American in Britain (9.30); Kodaly (11.3).

Monday. Thunder Rock (9.15 p.m.); Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream (L.P. 3 p.m.).

Tuesday. Recital: Mewton-Wood (10.15 p.m.); This Correspondence Must Now Cease (10.45); Pottery and Glass (11.3).

Wednesday. Portrait of an Age (L.P. 3 p.m.).

Thursday. Joan and Valerie Trimble (10.15 p.m.)

Friday. The Compleat Angler (9.30 p.m.; William Walton (L.P. 10.40 a.m.).

Saturday. Concert: Britten Violin Concerto (2.30 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Correspondence

RUSSIAN ANXIETY

SIR,—Dr. Jones's queer medley of question-begging generalisations illustrates afresh the dangers of trying to apply scientific abstractions to concrete reality—in this case political reality—without knowing considerably more than the elements about *both*.

His first postulate is that disproportion between apprehension and external danger implies a residual dread of aggressive impulses inside the subject. Surely this is to overlook the possible role of ignorance. For instance, a child's terror of the dark need not spring from any unavowable impulses but may be rooted in false beliefs about the existence of ogres or the prevalence of kidnapping.

Dr. Jones's second postulate is that Russian fear of Western attack is out of all proportion to the probability of such attack. He gives no reasons for this crucial contention beyond the dogmatic affirmation that "geographical, military, political, economic and, above all, moral considerations render such a contingency extremely remote."

This is merely an opinion. The facts are that in the last 150 years Russia has been invaded from the West five times, twice with some success, and each time at a frightful cost to Russia in death and destruction. On all five occasions the military and geographical objections were far more formidable than in these days of rocket planes and atomic bombs; and when were the political and economic conditions more favourable? As to moral factors, Dr. Jones may imagine them decisive; but his view is unlikely to be shared by any serious student of history. Certainly the Soviets would not admit that moral considerations are likely to shape our politics. Discussion, therefore, between Dr. Jones and a Soviet citizen on the gravity of the dangers threatening Russia would be rather like discussion between a person who believed in ogres and fairies and one who did not: they would find no common universe of discourse.

Russian fear of the West rests on perfectly intelligible grounds independent of any hypothetical aggressive intentions on their part.

First, there is the psychological legacy of history: "it has happened before, therefore it is likely to happen again." In 1919 the friends of France understood, explained and excused along just these lines the anxiety of France, which many considered excessive, and her political courses, which many considered unwise. History in due course showed that the anxiety had hardly been excessive. For an excellent analysis of French psychology after 1918 see Toynbee, Survey of International Affairs, 1920-23; the position of Russia to-day offers some striking analogies.

Secondly, Marxists are convinced that the world cannot survive half socialist and half capitalist. For a people as contemptuous of logic and abstract principles as ourselves this may not seem a particularly impressive reason. But after all it is only a restatement of the principle which Lincoln nailed to his masthead in the American Civil War. And Russian faith in it is hardly likely to be shaken when they see us vying with the U.S. in extending friendship and favour to almost every reactionary group and Government in the Old World and the New.

Thirdly, there is the atomic bomb. If Dr. Jones will exert himself to imagine his own feelings if that were a secret confined to the Kremlin, he may get some faint idea of what the more realistic Russians feel when they think of the bomb at the disposal of Wall Street.

In the light of these considerations it is more than a little presumptuous to pronounce Russian fears out of all proportion to Russian danger. They may be so; or they may not. I don't know; Dr. Jones doesn't know; even the Soviet leaders cannot know. We are all entitled to our opinions; but bandying opinions is not science.

Dr. Jones next recognises that Russia doesn't want war, but goes on to compare her with Nazi Germany because she insists too much on having things her way. Of course in the '30s equating Russia with Germany was one of the favourite lines of the more intelligent reactionaries. If Dr. Jones had even a bowing acquaintance with politics he would

realise that to-day no State "wants" war, but that to-day, as yesterday and the day before, every Great Power will insist on getting its own way as far as it feels it can safely and profitably do so.

Dr. Jones concludes with a warning about the "intrinsic insatiability" of "aggression derived from internal sources"; "only definite opposition can restore reality." Dr. Jones's whole diagnosis pivots, as I have tried to show, on fantasy (I won't try to relate it to his own inner fears!); but it may be worth while dealing with this point independently of its premises. Dr. Jones should know better than most of us that the alternative of "definite opposition" in the sense of "toughness" is as futile as "appeasement." What is needed is to establish confidence and a sense of security by a frank and cordial approach of give-and-take. Western politicians have shown no signs of understanding this. Yet the initiative must lie with us on any reckoning: because we are temporarily the stronger and because we are not troubled by memory of wanton aggressions against us or by any particular philosophy of history. But if Dr. Jones continues to believe his own diagnosis he must believe that such an initiative is doubly incumbent on us: surely he does not expect his neurotic patients to meet him more than half-way? F. F. SEELEY

109, Canfield Gardens, London, N.W.6.

FUTURE OF TRANSPORT

SIR,—I feel that Mr. Horace Wyatt must not be allowed to get away so easily with his outburst of righteous indignation at the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S criticism of the Road Haulage Association's transport proposals.

The plan is little advance on the "Square Deal" proposals which a Tory Government, friendly to private enterprise, was about to implement when the war intervened. They would have laid the basis of a private monopoly of transport, and so would these latest proposals. This is so because, once statutory rates are fixed for both road and rail traffic, and a licensing scheme prevents or controls new entrants, competition is eliminated. It is then safe and profitable for the larger units to absorb the smaller. Road transport has previously been competitive, both within the industry and as between road and rail, because the small man was able to charge what rates he chose. Once he is restricted and the larger units are safeguarded against undercutting, it pays them to swallow him up at pretty well any price.

Even if, as the plan proposes, the public remained free to carry its own goods "including the unrestricted use of its own vehicles," the monopoly's grip would be loosened only on those who had sufficient business to justify operating their own vehicles. It would be the large traders who had this protection, not the small, and it is the latter who are responsible for the bulk of the traffic offered. Mr. Wyatt cannot possibly get away with that false argument.

Finally, let it not be imagined that the Road Haulage Association represents the whole transport industry. It is largely representative of the larger hauliers, and not of the small man who would suffer from its scheme. No, Mr. Wyatt, the road haulage industry has not yet put forward any alternative scheme to nationalisation, so nationalisation it still must be.

House of Commons, S.W.1. ERNEST DAVIES

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—In the letter from E. Chambers, which appears in your publication of August 10th under the title "Colour Bar," the writer paints a picture of the treatment of West Africans in transit to the U.K. which is indeed disgraceful.

Happily, however, as he implies, his experience is small; and it is in the hope of correcting the impression he gives that his picture is generally true, and of removing the slur cast by implication on the majority of those who are responsible for the care of West African passengers that I write to present another aspect of the picture.

I have been travelling to and from West Africa, roughly every two years, since 1926; and whereas during that period there have frequently been African passengers who have enjoyed first-class accommodation, including the ordinary use of the saloons, lounge, etc., I have never known a case in which any discrimination was made on account of race.

I have only once, in 1944, travelled on a troopship; and on board were an African doctor with his wife and family, who were treated just like the rest of us in the matter of cabin accommodation and other amenities, as far as my observations went. Again, a considerable number of students have come from the college where I work in the Gold Coast to continue their studies at British universities, and only once have I heard from them any complaint of the treatment received on board ship; this was a case of sickness, and there was some doubt as to whether adequate medical attention had been given.

As to the statement that the "normal method of transit is by troopship," it would be truer to say that travel by troopship has become usual during the abnormal conditions of war. It is already becoming less "normal." C. P. WOODHOUSE

Achimota College,
Gold Coast Colony.

THE SOLDIER'S WORK

SIR,—An article written in a recent issue by a Canadian officer dealt with the attitude of mind and behaviour of our troops in Germany. He traced this back to the training of the troops, but he did not go so far as to say what was in effect wrong with the training. He did not explain that troops are still being trained wholly for war, no other training is given to them. Even the B.W.P. (British Way and Purpose) and A.B.C.A. talks and debates, which were an outlet for the mind in time of war, have now stopped.

The average soldier who goes overseas to-day has not retained that singleness of purpose and hatred of everything Fascist that he had in time of war. Instead he has slipped into lethargy. Without any interest in his work, he seeks pleasure and relaxation at the lowest levels.

This should not be, and need not be, if the Army Council only realises it in time. What is needed to-day is an enlightened policy from the top. Hard military discipline is no longer the solution.

Instead of keeping men idle they could help to right the havoc of German domestic economy, in agriculture and in forestry. This policy could be extended to all countries, sending bodies of troops to help them with their labour problems (in Holland, fighting to hold back the ravaging sea). It would not only occupy the minds of our troops, but also give them interests and heighten their ideals, showing them the only way to think and live in these days must be on an international basis. H. F. W. CORY

JOHN INGLESANT

SIR,—In his appreciation of *John Inglesant*, Mr. Graham Hough has done good service, particularly by recalling the remarkable piece of detective work in the *Quarterly Review* (1925) by the late W. K. Fleming, who made an analysis of Shorthouse's literary method. The ways of cribbing authors are, of course, frequently shown up: but we have, I think, no example in English as astonishing as this famous philosophical romance. Shorthouse laid his sources under systematic toll, copying out passages by the score without any attempt at paraphrase. "But is this after all so very reprehensible?" asks Mr. Hough. Most of us, I feel sure, would say that it is shocking.

The most singular fact in the record is this, that no one of the eminent Victorians who lavished praise upon the book had any suspicions. Lord Acton turned on the guns of his erudition, but he did not identify any of the stolen goods. In the 1880s' it was taken for granted that cultivated Englishmen were hardly less familiar with the prose writers of the seventeenth

READY AUGUST 21st.

Wild Exmoor
through the year
E. W. Hendy

The charm of Exmoor described month by month, by the author of *The Lure of Bird Watching, Somerset Birds and Some Other Folk*, etc.
16 illustrations. 12s. 6d. net.

Happier Years
the reminiscences of
H. Frank Wallace

"All is told with charming candour and a sedate simplicity . . . he writes of those things nearest an Englishman's heart." *Evening News.*
2nd Impression.
Fully Illustrated. 18s. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

AN
IDEAL VOYAGE

SIR JOHN SHUCKBURGH

Selected essays, which have appeared in many periodicals over the signature John Pullen. The author discourses with urbanity and charm on various topics of both current and perpetual interest, and gives point to his own observations by drawing on his wide reading.

8/6 *net*

READY SHORTLY

CHATTO & WINDUS

REPRINTS READY

"An historian who can register so surely the 'inner heart and rhythm of English Society.'" C. V. WEDGWOOD in *Time and Tide.*

A. L. Rowse
THE ENGLISH SPIRIT
12s. 6d.

★

Book Society Recommendation

Dormer Creston
IN SEARCH OF TWO CHARACTERS

A fascinating study of Napoleon and his son. "A vivid, sensitive and enjoyable book." D. M. STUART in the *Observer.* 18s.

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD.

AN IMPORTANT
REPRINT

A Journey to the Interior

P. H. NEWBY

A refreshing and exciting book, beautifully written and extremely satisfying in content. It is only rarely that one encounters a first novel so rich, not in promise but in achievement.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

9s. 6d.

JONATHAN CAPE

than of the eighteenth century. Yet Shorthouse, who must have had some misgivings when his book was privately printed, found that he had nothing to fear from the wise and learned on account of his conveyance of material from Hobbes and Richard Burton, or even from Evelyn's Diary.

The Rev. W. K. Fleming was a retired Anglican clergyman. He was a fine scholar and a man of wide reading, and he wrote occasional reviews for THE NEW STATESMAN. I had several letters from him. He told me that in the *Quarterly* article he had barely scratched the surface of his Shorthouse finds, but the law of copyright prevented him from making a full disclosure. He inherited an old house and library in the Cotswolds, where he died some years before the war. It would be interesting to know what became of his papers. S. K. RATCLIFFE

ENGLISH PAINTING AND FRENCH TASTE

SIR,—Roger Marvell's account of the French reaction to contemporary English painting, particularly that which is not in keeping with contemporary French taste, is not surprising. French art, as Mr. Marvell points out, is a vested interest and the story of the Frenchman's concern about dates points to the groove into which his thinking is now apparently set.

Since Courbet, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir and their mighty colleagues restored the art of painting from the clouds back to its proper place, the earth, big business has sent it back again; with the result that the famous "École de Paris" has become vague and obscure, an expanding bubble destined at any moment to burst with its own importance. Mr. Marvell is right; the English painter will get nothing from aping or pandering to this state of affairs except derision and despair.

At the present time there is a British counterpart, just as there is an American, Swedish, even African counterpart, to every form of French painting and sculpture from Manet to Picasso. These productions are treated by their respective exclusive press as natural and proper contributions to contemporary taste and contemporary thoughts. Indeed, no serious magazine of art considers it worth while publishing without its quota of these imitations. It is said that all this is the expression of our time; the same compliment might be paid to the canvases of Millais or Alma-Tadema in relation to their time.

A living and vital art precedes taste and dogma, it does not follow them. If the English painter is to find a place in the sun along with his forbears Turner and Constable, he will, like them, have to free himself from the tags of "French Taste "and all the formulas of "impressionism" and "post-impressionism" that go with it. To suppose, like Mr. Marvell, that some form of "impressionism" is most suitable for English taste is not only putting the cart before the horse, but is still thinking in terms of academic formulas. What to do? Let the painter come down to earth and let him turn to the works of Nature with a fresh and unprejudiced mind. Only in this way will he produce once more a living art. This does not mean that he must abandon the principles upon which the masters of antiquity worked and which the French have so successfully re-established. Nor is this a challenge to Picasso and Matisse; make no mistake about this, for they are the Tintorettos of our day. But out of the Tintorettos emerge only formulas of design and composition, theories of beauty and aesthetics. That spark, which gives the life-blood to a work of art, making it transcend the dates with which the French critics are now so concerned, is not to be found there.

In conclusion, I would remind Mr. Marvell, since he prefers the Italian to all other Schools, of the words of one of the greatest of Italian painters, Leonardo da Vinci: "After Giotto art declined because all were imitating painting already done; and so it continued to decline until Massacio showed how those who took as their standard anything other than Nature, the supreme guide of all the masters, were wearying themselves in vain."

VICTOR PASMORE

[Mr. Marvell writes: "I cannot regard Impressionism and Post-Impressionism as formulas; they are better considered as languages. It is in the use of a current language that painters, with few exceptions, develop their personal styles, and the two now in general use are both in origin French. Mr. Pasmore's interest in 'the works of Nature' has very naturally led him to what I described as 'some form of Impressionism.' I did not intend to suggest that any living English painters now practised the rigorous Impressionism of Claude Monet."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

T. W. H. CROSLAND

Sir,—Mr. Raymond Mortimer, in a recent review in your columns described the late T. W. H. Crosland as "Douglas's bravo" and "embittered by crazy conceit." This is an astounding "judgment" to those of us who knew Crosland. I myself was intimately associated with him for the last fourteen years of his life, and to a lesser degree with Douglas and Frank Harris.

Humility, not conceit, was Crosland's chief characteristic. He had a lively sense of humour, maintained through long suffering to the end, and even when speaking of himself he conveyed the impression that he was being anything but egotistical. "Embittered" is far from being the word for him. "We who fight have our shrewd joy therefor" is a line from one of his sonnets; and it is followed by the equally significant line, "a shining, grim rapture of wars." He was no doubt often disillusioned during his life-long fight against what he believed to be evil, but it was less bitterness that resulted than something akin to the noble melancholy of a Quixote. His championship of Douglas was quixotic. He was certainly no "bravo."

A sonnet to his memory by Hayter Preston describes him as

> a man who gave men sight
> For love and war and England's emperies;
> A man whose gaze, piercing the lying frieze,
> Burns where man's glory burns intensest white . . .

Bravos and men embittered by crazy conceit do not inspire to tributes of that order.

Finally, I would not ask for your space but for a faith, shared by others, that Crosland will live as a poet. HENRY SAVAGE

[Mr. Mortimer writes: "My view of Crosland was based on facts given in Sorley Brown's biography. Crazy conceit seemed to me the most probable cause of the extravagant contempt which he expressed for a number of his most gifted contemporaries. Mr. Savage's letter obliges me to look for some other explanation."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

TRAINING FOR C.O.s

SIR,—May I remind your readers that the Central Board for Conscientious Objectors has established a training fund to help C.O.s who, because of their stand, have been debarred from grants which would otherwise have been available to them. The amount of money in the fund is not large, and for this reason it has been necessary to make the terms of eligibility rather narrow. Help can be offered to those whose training was interrupted or who were prevented from starting training by their work during the war, and who have not been able to obtain a Government grant.

We shall be glad to hear from any readers who feel they qualify and who would like further details.

C.B.C.O., JACK CARRUTHERS
6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

HUGH WALPOLE

SIR,—I have undertaken to write the life of the late Sir Hugh Walpole. The book is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan. Sir Hugh Walpole's family have kindly placed all his letters, diaries and papers at my disposal. I should be grateful if anyone who possesses any of his letters or other relevant material would write to me. RUPERT HART-DAVIS

Bromsden Farm, Henley-on-Thames.

THE NEW NATURALIST

Third volume now ready

BRITISH GAME

Brian Vesey-FitzGerald

The aim of this new survey of Britain's Natural History is to interest the general reader in the wild life of Britain and to build up a library of nature books that will be the standard authority for many years to come. BRITISH GAME, third volume in the series, is a natural history of British game mammals and birds with 28 reproductions in colour and 81 black-and-white photographs. *16s.*

COLLINS

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S

new novel

KATE FENNIGATE

A fine character study of a remarkable woman

9/6 net

Novels recently published

The Herald of God
by J. V. Hewes. 8/6 net

The Land is Bright
by Francis Heaton-Chapel. 8/6 net

Darkly the River Flows
by John Macdonald. 8/6 net

HAMMOND & CO. HAMMOND LTD.
87 GOWER STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Author of "The Sirens Wake," etc.

LORD DUNSANY

THE YEAR

Lord Dunsany's book is a meditative, descriptive poem of each month of the year as it unfolds and blooms in the Irish countryside—the rhythm is smooth and flowing and the choice of words so apt that *The Year* reads as easily as descriptive prose.

Just Published 9/6

JARROLDS
Publishers (LONDON) Ltd.

CASSELL

for publication Aug. 29th

Poems 1938-1945
ROBERT GRAVES

"These poems will excite, anger, shock and amuse; they are fanciful and grotesque. Whatever one may feel about them one has to read them for Mr. Graves is a poetic force with a pungent and very individual style." *Yorkshire Post.*
2nd edition. 5/- net.

Living Thoughts Library

ROUSSEAU *presented by* Romain Rolland

VOLTAIRE *presented by* André Maurois

Crown 8vo., 3/6 net each. Both these reprints will be available on August 29th.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THERE is a coarseness of tone throughout the writing of all these Bells," observed a critic acidly, in the Spectator of 1848. He was reviewing *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, and he would have been disconcerted but not less censorious had he seen the author. It was, after all, the heyday of the school of Lockhart; not a time of politeness or delicacy in criticism. But when we consider Anne, the youngest Brontë, gentler than her sisters, more conventional, less rebellious, scarcely ever raising her voice, or her eyes from her needlework—what was there in her book that could rouse a critic into accusing her of coarseness? And now that our attention is turned to her at last, there are other speculations. Would she have written at all without the influence of her sisters? Had she genius? Was there any justification for the strange claim of George Moore who considered *Wildfell Hall* the greatest of the Brontë novels?

Anne Brontë in appearance, in the pattern of her life, and in her "composed" and "serene" death, is more like a character from a book than like the writer of one. Here is an early description of her by the family friend Ellen Nussey:

> Anne—dear, gentle Anne—was quite different from the others. She was her aunt's favourite. Her hair was a very pretty light brown, and fell on her neck in graceful curls. She had lovely violet-blue eyes, fine pencilled eyebrows, and clear, almost transparent complexion.
>
> Anne played (the piano) also, but she preferred soft harmonies and vocal music. She sang a little; her voice was weak, but very sweet in tone.

Surely we have met her; she is Amelia Sedley, Emily of *Udolpho*—she is the heroine of half the nineteenth century novels. But then a shadow falls on this charming picture. Speaking of her last few years (Anne died when she was twenty-eight) Charlotte describes her sister's "sensitive, reserved and *dejected* nature," her "tinge of religious melancholy" which "communicated a sad shape to her brief, blameless life."

A melancholy temperament was inherent in all the Brontës—how can we wonder at it with their anxious lives and their Celtic ancestry?—but it was expressed in different ways in each of the children. Hard work and responsibility kept Charlotte from too much brooding; Emily found some outlet in long, solitary walks and in her passionate love of the countryside. But Anne, the only one who resembled the gentle, Methodist mother, turned to the more conventional comfort of evangelical religion. She had need of it, for she was, for longer than either of the others, a governess.

Agnes Grey is the perfect record of the daily life of a governess, and of the curious position that she held in the Victorian economy. (The best analysis of this is to be found in Miss Pryor's satirical exposition in *Shirley*.) She had no share in the social world of her employers, nor in the rough camaraderie of the servants; her position, indeed, was not unlike that of the chaplain in the eighteenth-century country house, a suitable match for the lady's maid "whose reputation had been blown upon a little." The very circumstances that created her prevented her from having the important qualities of authority and self-confidence. Undemonstrative as she was Anne Brontë shows that she was not unaffected by the sordid and humiliating details of her work, and she more than once reveals moments of Brontë violence, brought out in her by such things as cruelty. For instance, she crushes with a flat stone a brood of nestlings for which young Tom is preparing a series of interesting torments. It is less surprising after this to find her flashing into moments of ironic vivacity—for what other private weapon has the governess than this?

It is in *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* that we find the real extent of Anne Brontë's abilities and limitations as a writer. Her friends' uneasiness about this book was not because of its quality, but because of its theme—a wrecked marriage between a young girl and a drunkard. "The choice of subject was an entire mistake," wrote Charlotte. "Nothing less congruous with the writer's nature could be conceived. The motives which dictated this choice were pure, but, I think, slightly morbid." But the question of literary treatment was possibly concerning her also; she wrote about Thackeray, whom she admired as "the legitimate high priest of Truth": "He, I see, keeps the mermaid's tail below water, and only hints at the dead men's bones and noxious slime amidst which it wriggles; but his hint is more vivid than other men's elaborate explanations."

Though the "noxious slime" is not kept below the surface, *The Tenant* is a much better book than one would expect. It is written with an impetus that does not suggest at all that it was a painful labour and duty. The construction, never a strong point with the Brontës, is curiously involved; it is not unlike that of *Wuthering Heights*. Perhaps the tale-within-a-tale form gave the author the necessary feeling of detachment. The beginning and end consist of lengthy and improbable letters from Markham to a friend, describing the course of his love for the mysterious tenant of Wildfell Hall; the main body of the story—and the most vigorous and well written part—is the lady's diary, which she hands to the jealous Markham to allay his suspicions, and in which she reveals the secret of her hidden life. It was the disturbing realism of this section that caused the trouble with the reviewers. There are, for instance, drunken orgies: during one of these Helen, the young wife, helps to free a man by giving him a candle to hold against the hands of the drunken assailant who is pinning him down. How did such an idea enter that quiet imagination? Huntingdon deliberately sets out to ruin the lives of his weaker friends by encouraging them to reckless drinking. He brings his mistresses openly into the house and makes no pretence of concealing his feeling for them in front of his wife. One comes, indeed, in the guise of a governess—a touch of irony that must surely have been accidental.

All the section dealing with the disastrous marriage is intensely observed. Anne Brontë, like Charlotte, conveys peculiarly well the *atmosphere* of a house: its emptiness on a rainy day when there are no visitors; its warmth and excitement when full of people on a summer evening. And though the impact of the book as a whole is not powerful, it is full of vivid scenes. The symbolic game of chess played in the sultry atmosphere of suspicion and guilty love is a dramatic tableau that has in its way the same quality as Shirley's description (as she embroiders a wreath of Parma violets) of the mad dog's bite, the cauterising of the wound with a hot iron, and her instructions in case the horror of madness should come upon her. In another effective episode Markham, Helen Graham's priggish admirer in the "outer" plot, meets on the road his fancied rival Frederick Lawrence, and inflamed by jealousy, brings down upon his head the *handle* of his whip (a typically Brontesque detail). That spontaneous moment of rage is the only thing that makes this dull character at all likeable. But how well the whole scene is sustained. Markham makes a sullen return to see how badly his victim is hurt; Lawrence, with more than a touch of Mr. Rochester, rejects the grudging aid, yet is too weak to mount his horse. And Markham rides off, throwing him a handkerchief to replace the one that is already soaked with blood. Churlishness was a quality that the Brontës must have known well.

But for all the force of its detail, the book is not great. The characters, have a kind of reality, but they are observed, not felt, as the surroundings inevitably are. They are lacking in some quality that might give greatness even to a badly constructed book. Consider the hero. As a lively young rake in love, he is a likeable figure; we can understand his attraction. As a bored and dissolute husband, kept by the weather indoors in his country house, without resources, and suffering from a vicious *ennui*, he is still real (here, at least, there is a suggestion of Branwell); and his wife, for all her disapproval, cannot help feeling sorry for him. But there is no strength in him; no real passion, even as his character deteriorates he ceases to hold our interest at all. And the ending, when the evangelistic fire is no longer needed, is tame; it peters out in a lingering deathbed scene and a number of suitable marriages. We remember the power and atmosphere of *Wuthering Heights* long after we have forgotten the intricacies of the plot; of this book we recall only the odd detail. This is not due to the awkward construction nor to any falsity in the characterisation. Truth the characters have, in their *behaviour*, but they are over simplified. They do not stir the imagination. Anne Brontë's mind was intensely receptive but it worked only on what she had seen and felt, and some things never came within its scope at all. Virtue, not passion, is the powerful motive of the book; it has its own strength, but it does not make the characters moving or sympathetic. There is not enough of nature mixed in them to give us any doubts about what they will do or what will become of them. Her "good" men are tedious prigs; Gilbert Markham, who is spiteful, petty, jealous, vain and hypocritical, is one of the most unpleasant heroes I can recall outside a Shakespeare play.

But we cannot feel that Anne cared much for Gilbert Markham, and she cared still less for Huntingdon. She had not the passionate temperament that could make her conceive a Heathcliff or a Rochester. She had other preoccupations. Charlotte, when we think of her, seems forever looking out of a window—on to the street of a provincial town, a garden in Brussels, or out on her own countryside, blue and brittle with winter, or shining with spring. So often are her heroines found sitting in the curtained recess of the heavy Victorian room. Ere long I shall get outside, the pose suggests, when there is time, or when the snow stops falling. Meanwhile, there are duties. Emily is already outside, on the moor. But Anne is content to do her sewing in the Rectory kitchen. It is not a cage to her, but a haven. Here is home, where there is work without humiliation, love without passion, and an orderly and quiet routine. Anne liked to feel that her world was bounded by the discipline of a social order; the themes of her novels depend on duties and relationships. But there is a special implication in her desire, voiced particularly in her poems, to return home. What she had seen and endured during her exile as a governess had brought to her a kind of loss of innocence without the enrichment of personal experience. This is reflected in her poems. With a few exceptions, such as a delicate and lovely one on *Memory*, they are trite in style; but the thought in them is deeply revealing, of her melancholy, and of her sense of guilt. Charlotte was the first to point out the resemblance between her sister and Cowper: here were two gentle natures, in which even a consciousness of evil seemed incongruous, yet both weighed down by an unwarranted burden of sin. I feel, indeed, that *The Task* and *Wildfell Hall* had a similar function in their authors' lives. The didactic intention of Anne's book is clear, though I am not convinced for a moment that it was her reason for writing it. The rural and domestic calm of Cowper's poem is broken constantly by moralising reflections. Yet both works are written with a fluency that suggests that the act of producing them was a pleasure. Anne was, I think, a natural writer, but diaries, letters, or even hymns might have equally well been her medium. She had not an original mind. Ill health and the narrowness of her horizon were causing her early receptiveness to be replaced by a mournful and unprofitable introspection. Her books are most interesting for their revelation of herself. She was so reticent in speech during her life, that without her writings we should have known as little about her as about the infants Maria and Elizabeth, the first to be buried in the Haworth churchyard.

NAOMI LEWIS

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE

The Untutored Townsman's Invasion of the Country. By C. E. M. JOAD. *Faber.* 8s. 6d.

Long ago, I blithely began my review of a book on country preservation and planning with "This is a most admirable book, for did I not write it myself under the earlier title of *England and the Octopus?* And I was indignantly surprised when the author (whose work I had extravagantly praised) rounded on me with an allegation of libel in that I had accused him of plagiarism. I suppose I had, which was silly, because, though we, the amenity-minded, may indeed sing the same tune, we can all, thank God, put our own new words to it as, most notably has Dr. Joad, in his latest polemic—*The Untutored Townsman's Invasion of the Countryside.* Yet we still all join in the same old chorus ("rousing" one would like to say, only it has so far failed to rouse), Dr. Joad industriously contributing "The People's Claim" to my book, *Britain and the Beast*, and I "Our Physical Environment" to his *Manifesto*, whilst Abercrombie and Mumford, Sharp and Fry and a dozen others boomed or trilled away in the same angelic choir, whilst England seemed deaf to our exhortations and resolved on suicide.

Indeed, Dr. Joad, for all his pugnacity and passion, his candour and his charity, confesses himself still a pessimist just when I, for the first time, find myself encouraged to take a soberly sanguine view. But that apparent difference may be simply due to the present delay between the writing of a book and its publishing, for though amending footnotes are frequent, the author has been as often left behind by the quick march of events since the end of the war and the general election of a year ago, after which latter the prospect seems changed indeed.

For the first time, we have Ministers who, far from being in Lord Keynes's words, "the thrall of the sub-human denizens of the Treasury, hag-ridden by a perverted theory of state . . . applying some frantic perversion of business arithmetic to settle whether it pays . . ." are now actually using their eyes and searching their hearts and imaginations in a real endeavour to determine just what things are needed for a whole people's full and gracious living. We now even have a Chancellor of the Exchequer, blandly setting aside a cool fifty million for "mere amenity"—for what his predecessors would certainly have condemned as wickedly "uneconomic" purposes, and a Minister of Planning manifestly intent on at last doing those very things that we planners and preservationists have so long and vainly prayed for as essential to any national plan-for-living worthy of the name. And there are other Ministers, too, who seem also to realise that congestion, squalor, chaos and ugliness are not only intolerable and discreditable in a modern State, but *avoidable* when imaginative intelligence is matched by zeal.

All our hopes will not of course be fully realised, there will surely be mistakes, and economics or foreign relations or something else may yet go cock-eyed—but the *will* is there at last, and whilst that lights the horizon I somehow cannot recapture my past despair, nor yet join as devoutly as I should else have done in Dr. Joad's requiem for the English countryside.

Not that his book is a dirge, far from it—it is on the contrary, briskly invigorating and as full of friendly philosophising as of entertaining asides and impish cracks. And how well and intimately he knows his country—which, needless to say, includes both Wales and Scotland and many towns, both great and small, about all of which he has something shrewd to say, not invariably abusive. But he is a fine and vociferous hater, and, as the G.O.M. of the Ramblers and such like movements, he has his own special private vendettas against motors and motorists, grouse and "sportsmen" (for ever attended by those ironic, accusing inverted commas) as well as a more generally shared detestation for billboards and bungalows and the rest of our slatternly road-side disarray.

I imagine his litany running somewhat thus: "From the Forestry Commission with its perverse passion for exotic conifers, from the Road Surveyor with his fierce hatred for trees of any kind and his lust for concrete speedways, from the ruthlessness of Public Utility undertakings generally and the blighting acquisitiveness of the Armed Services, from the greed and savagery of Speculators and Jerry-builders, from the indifference, incompetence and corruption of Local Authorities, and from a people blindly acquiescing in the destruction of its heritage, good Lord deliver us."

The author, so robustious as a tramping country-goer, is not ashamed to abase himself before beauty, that Strange Necessity. He describes an occasion where beauty in distress was being pleaded for:—

> When one is negotiating with private owners, laying considerations before public bodies or preparing memoranda to send to government departments, the æsthetic is the one argument that, if one is wise, one will not permit oneself to use. It carries no weight. Having discovered this, you find yourself inventing specious utilitarian pretexts in support of a course that commends itself to you on other grounds. You spend a wealth of ingenuity explaining that the proposals against which you are protesting will not pay, when what you mean is that they will destroy what is beautiful . . .
>
> The case that we did not dare to put was very different. It runs as follows: "The Lake District is the loveliest thing in England. If you muffle the clean, clear edges of the fells with a blanket of alien firs, you will certainly destroy some part of this loveliness. Beauty is important. It is, indeed, one of the most important things that is vouchsafed to us here on earth and it must, therefore, be carefully guarded. Therefore, we beg of you, refrain." But these arguments we did not use, since, to have done so, would have dubbed us novices inexpert in negotiation, and because of our inexpertness relying on considerations which, however important to us, carried no weight with those to whom they were addressed. The pines, the firs and the spruces would, the Chairman of the Commission thought, look very fine ranged in rows up and down the mountain sides. Had we not been to Switzerland? But these, we said, were not Swiss mountains but English fells. The Chairman of the Commission could not see the point of the difference.

Dr. Joad is right in saying that until the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports have been adequately implemented, physical planning cannot be a reality; that *permissive* legislation is rarely worth passing and that the existing Access to Mountains Bill is a fraud. Many will agree in thinking with him that there are too many of us, that our average quality is by no means what it should be, that we are in danger of becoming a race of mechanised men in a macadamised world, and that the answer to the question, "How best can we live together?" is not the Garden City. He seems to me to take a most balanced view of Butlin Holiday Camps, seeing clearly that the untutored townsman will need to be expertly shepherded into the country—canalised, concentrated, and given Directions-for-Use until he is fit to be let loose, even into a National Park.

But even countrymen born and bred, and especially their young, can be cruelly mischievous, too—as witness tree maiming, heath fires, litter-louting, and damage and disfigurings of all kinds. Compare the face of Sweden and that of England and their respective youth training and you will get one reason at least for the striking difference in their peoples' attitudes to Nature.

This book is partly an attempted answer to Dr. G. M. Trevelyan's questions: "This flag of beauty, hung out by the mysterious universe, to claim the worship of the heart of man, what is it, and what does its signal mean to us?" But it has, too, an immediate practical object, which is to show how our country may yet be used for the well-being and happiness of the people. The author is urgently and unselfishly concerned to see that as many as may be should benefit as he has done from close and intimate contact with natural beauty; he states his credo boldly and makes plenty of sensible proposals. Indeed, fierce as he is, his criticisms are mostly constructive, and the book ends with a generous appendix by Mr. Francis Richie, telling the citizen just what he ought to know about such questions as National Parks, Footpaths, Access to the Coast, Afforestation, Town and Country Planning, Advertisement Control, Wild Life Protection, Requisitioned Lands, and so on.

But we are left guessing as to whether Dr. Joad's horrific picture of a solid jam of motor cars stationary along the road from Lands End to John O' Groats inspired James Hanley's novel *What Fergusson Saw*—or whether it was the other way round, or just a happy coincidence, or a fine solid example of thought-transference. Whichever it is it's frightening.

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS

THE HEIR OF WILBERFORCE

Buxton the Liberator. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

No one, says the jacket, is better qualified to write the life of Buxton the anti-slavery leader than Mr. R. H. Mottram, "for he and the subject of the biography are Norfolk men." The reason may be disconcerting, but, at any rate, one can find no other. With Buxton the sporting squire Mr. Mottram is in full sympathy; Buxton the reformer, the heir of Wilberforce, above all the devout Christian strikes him, partly on our behalf, as very quaint and outmoded. He seems to think we have no idea of the Evangelicals, and expects us, at the sight of all this prayer and dedication, to throw our hands up, ejaculating, "Can such things be?" On the anti-slavery crusade he is rather weary and defeatist. A ten-year parliamentary struggle, on high moral grounds! Was it realistic? Was it ultimately worth while?

Why, then, choose to write a life of Buxton? In any case, it would be difficult to improve upon his son's *Memoirs;* and to say that Mr. Mottram has not improved on them is an understatement. But, he observes, though excellent, they will scarcely do now; they "suffer from the utter change in the political and world outlook." This is a very common attitude, indeed, a vice of our time. The *Memoirs* are extremely readable; they illustrate a plain tale with abundance of letters, papers and first-hand views, the soul of biography; they have everything, except our own "political and world outlook"—and that, one would suppose, is just what every reader can bring to bear on them, with much more profit than if the whole thing has been re-written to appease the *Zeitgeist.* This demand for re-writing is like a demand that all our food shall be ready masticated. But it exists, of course, and Mr. Mottram cannot be blamed for it; nor is he to blame if the *Zeitgeist*—no less pretentious than parochial—rates allusions to the world-picture far above a thorough grasp of the facts. Mr. Mottram has no pretentions of his own; he has adorned his book with some charming glimpses from *The Gurneys of Earlham,* and with the background material he has done his best. But one cannot help feeling it is all task-work. There are a good many slips. His use of Hansard is very dull, and sometimes unintelligible; and awareness of the world-picture does not prevent him from confounding Barbary with Barbadoes, and Philippe Egalité with Louis Philippe.

In his portrait of Buxton there is nothing fresh; it reveals no traits suppressed by filial piety. But very likely there were none to reveal. Buxton is a pure and massive exponent of British "character" as a substitute for more brilliant qualities. He had good plain sense, but never thought himself highly gifted; on the other hand, he did not think it was of much consequence. "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy—invincible determination*—that quality will do anything that can be done in this world." His taste was for "stern and manly"

virtues. His first passion was for sport. Of the ancient poets his favourite was Juvenal, and Dryden among the moderns. Finally, he did not much enjoy conversation, but had a fund of stories, which he told well. All very masculine and straightforward.

It was the Gurneys, that great, gay, serious Quaker family, who caught him young and taught him the higher life; and who implanted in him what this biographer describes as a "morbid feeling" of the worthlessness of his own activity. For a Christian, brewing was not the chief end of man—and yet he lived as though it were; and in fact he could not brew, or shoot birds, or do anything whatever without embracing it as the one thing needful. The only answer to this dilemma lay in good works—for a man of his calibre, a great, holy cause. Buxton did not select the cause; it was bequeathed to him, but it obsessed him, and broke his heart. For this sporting brewer was peculiarly tender-hearted. He could not stand the facts about slavery. He could not sleep for thinking of them. It was not from sheer overwork that he died at fifty-eight, "exhausted in mind and body."

Frankly, his religious idiom was naive, and charmless, and some of his expressions would make a cat laugh. But it is strange to find his biographer suggesting that the men of that day believed in Providence *rather than* in collective effort.

K. JOHN

RULING BURMA

British Rule in Burma. By G. E. HARVEY. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

I wish that when I first started to take an interest in Burmese affairs I had had the advantage of reading Mr. Harvey's book. It would have enabled me, from its 95 pages, to obtain a general picture and would have prevented much confused thinking.

For the busy public man this book will prove invaluable. From it he will obtain the facts up to 1942. A Judge once said that "An ounce of fact is worth a ton of law" and Members of Parliament feel that way about propaganda. For the romantic it will be a useful starting-off ground from which they can range farther afield to dig up the stories and legends of Burma. They may then learn of Thibaw's reign and the almost bloodless war which ended it in 1885, of his wicked Queen who was said to have prostituted offending ladies of the Court to her pony stallions, of the devout but anguished women from whose breasts the sacred baby elephants derived their succour, of the Frenchman's discarded mistress who is alleged to have given away the intentions towards Burma of her former lover's government. Those interested in comparatively primitive peoples can begin to learn of the Shans, the Chins, the Kachins, the Naga and the Wa. Mr. Harvey, by the way, is hard on the Wa. He implies that because they head-hunt they are not decent. I have known many estimable head-hunters even though they decorated their houses with human heads, just as I have known many estimable fox hunters even though they decorated their houses with foxes' heads.

Mr. Harvey provides us with the background of a universal problem. Burma proper has now progressed three quarters of the way towards self-government. Our colonies are all at varying stages on this road. It is desirable that a pattern of general principles should be worked out. We want to know, therefore, whether in every case we must go by way of Crown Colony Government, through Dyarchy, on to complete ministerial government. There are lessons to be learnt in India, Ceylon and Burma. So far as Burma is considered they may be extracted from this book.

Mr. Harvey, with his great experience of Burma, contrasts the impersonal rule of the European in Burma with the personal rule of the ministers. He sets out the strong points and the failings of each system. I cannot help feeling that many of the failings of the Burmese politicians and of well-meaning but inexperienced ministers could have been avoided if we had had a more positive approach and given them the opportunities beforehand of educating themselves for their tasks. We, in this country, with our long history of Parliamentary Government, do not properly appreciate the effect of telescoping centuries of our slow growth into a decade or two in the East.

Another problem with which Burma, in common with many other countries, is faced, a matter which affects Burma proper to a considerable extent and the Excluded areas to an even greater one, is how to develop social services, and amenities generally, without at the same time exploiting the country and people to pay for them. The result of a too-sudden impact of Western ways on Eastern people is usually bad and sometimes fatal. The breakdown of tribal customs, traditions, legal systems and land laws for alien forms, and without positive safeguards, has been the cause of many tragic happenings in the past. Burma's history, as Mr. Harvey shows, can give much food for thought on this last subject, and from conversations I have had with young Burmese who are likely to be among the country's future leaders I am glad to say that they are aware of the problem and are resolved to let the country be developed gradually by the people themselves.

D. R. REES-WILLIAMS

A REVOLUTION IN FILMS

Grierson on Documentary. Edited with an Introduction by FORSYTH HARDY. *Collins.* 16s.

So few, so very few, film-makers can write at all that these selected articles of Mr. John Grierson have a double interest. His own films are not many; probably he has produced as many inches of journalism as of celluloid; his influence on films has been greater than that of anyone living, except perhaps Eisenstein. He has thought where others muddled along; he has inspired, plotted and shoved rather than executed. As a result documentary to-day owes not only its label but much of its importance to Grierson's example and teaching. This book, with his name in the title, has been edited, characteristically, by someone else.

Much of it is a statement, in lively and succinct terms, of his working principles. The case for realism, the possibilities of sound, propaganda, advertisement, education; each follows from the other, and the argument is borne out by practice. We learn a good deal about the Empire Marketing Board, which unexpectedly welcomed its school of film-makers, and in later pages about Canada, where Mr. Grierson has been busy making and instilling films for a number of years. His point of view has shifted little except that now the insistence is on carrying out a revolution long planned. For Mr. Grierson, who describes himself somewhere as a Civil Servant, is a revolutionary with the power of getting things done. He sees, and saw long ago, that the battle in films would come not between one set of beliefs or ideas and another, but between ideas and no ideas at all, between public attention and the popular wallow. A belief that the camera is by its nature bound to explore and interpret realities has its mark in civic education. This, argues Mr. Grierson

> has been helped by the fact that, in these troubled times, men have had problems of citizenship on their conscience even in their moments of relaxation. It has been helped by the fact that the film

In Preparation

Obras Completas De F. G. Lorca

In Eight Volumes
edited by R. M. Nadal
translated by
Roy and Mary Campbell
Spanish text and parallel translation

America and Cosmic Man

by
Wyndham Lewis

8s. 6d.

PL

Editions Poetry London

THIS MAN THOUGHT OF HIS FAMILY

He was 32 and fit. Suddenly he was taken ill and died. Six months before, he had insured his life, and in his will he left his widow a

PRUDENTIAL "Heritage" POLICY

She has been paid £100
She will receive for nearly 20 years £3 a week
And then - - - £900

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

I desire full particulars of your "Heritage" POLICY.

NAME.....
DATE OF BIRTH.....
ADDRESS.....

N.S. 17.8.46. P.P.510

P.A.Y.E.

The introduction of the P.A.Y.E. method of Income Tax collection has brought in its train many new problems. Wages systems have had to be overhauled and remodelled to comply with Statutory requirements. A pay roll produced automatically by means of

"HOLLERITH"
PUNCHED CARDS

gives all relevant facts and the cards also form the basis of costing, accounting and statistical data. In addition, every worker is given a Wages Docket showing what he is to receive and how the amount is made up. Details of the scheme appear in a recent number of the "Tabulator," a copy of which will be forwarded to any interested enquirer on application to

The British Tabulating Machine Co. Ltd.
Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, WC1
RP-L/202

★ *From Australia*

★ DISTANT SMOKERS PRAISE

JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys

Barneys (*medium*), **Punchbowle** (*full*), **Parsons Pleasure** (*mild*). 1 oz. 2/10½d.

industry has come closer and closer to realising its duty as not only an entertainment industry but also as a public utility. But in the theatres there are limits. The degree of civic conscience varies with classes and theatre types and with the sense of duty on the part of the exhibitor. An industry based on mass entertainment has to be cautious . . . Happily there is more seating capacity outside theatres than there is inside them. Also happily, men are creatures of mood. The very people who are united in relaxation inside the theatres are otherwise united in terms of their professional and specialised interests outside the theatres. It is in this latter field that the educational picture is filled out: in schools and colleges, in civic social services, trade unions and professional groups of all kinds. The access to the public thereby gained is colossal and growing at great speed in every country where governmental need for exposition is matched by the citizen's demand for it.

Elsewhere he sums up by saying "the trouble is that we have organised the people brilliantly in their moods of relaxation . . . but not in their moods of resolution." The first thing necessary to Mr. Grierson's programme is a liberal-minded and imaginative regime, the second a responsive audience: both apparently, he has found in Canada. In time he expects that films will play an important part in the educational programme of such organisations as Unrra and I.L.O.; and what Mr. Grierson expects, in this field, is likely to come about.

One of Mr. Grierson's first demands of the film-maker, it will be seen, is a social conscience. He takes a Puritan, though not a priggish, view of others following a different beat. The first section of his book, called "Background to Documentary," contains a number of criticisms reprinted, I think, largely from the *New Clarion* in the early Thirties. Many of the films have been forgotten but the comment remains. It both belongs to the film world of its time and vigorously opposes it. Not that Mr. Grierson's predilections were excessively narrow; besides the exploration of facts and ideas, he enjoyed clowns, spectacle, wit; and he picked out his pattern from what was going with a battering liveliness and sense. "When a director dies, he becomes a photographer." Of Chaplin: "The real disappointment of *City Lights* is that the noble tramp we knew has equated our common frustration to the meaner frustrations of sex." His chief concern was, of course, the emergence of realism in such different guises as *Turksib, Earth, Nanook of the North, Moana, Rien que les Heures, Berlin.* He knew and greatly admired Flaherty. He had served in the Merchant Navy long before making his own *Drifters*. "My separate claim for documentary is simply that in its use of the living article, there is *also* an opportunity to perform creative work." Truth-seeking, adherence to the subject, social responsibility: these are the qualities he puts first. He has thus encouraged the educator in himself at the expense of the artist. Work that could hardly have failed to be remarkable has been left unfinished (his film of the London docks, for example), and he tends to be needlessly austere and suspicious of anything that may look like art, even clouds taken through a filter. Still that is Mr. Grierson's way. Thanks to this self-denying imprint English films rose during the war to the heights of *Western Approaches, Nine Men, The Way Ahead* and *Tunisian Victory*. Some of these may seem to have departed from the strict canon of documentary, but it is a development that, but for Grierson's influence, could hardly even have begun.

Grierson on Films has a unity and an orderly progression of ideas rare in a book of collected journalism. This is due largely to the author, who has never hawked or scattered himself, and partly also to sympathetic editing. Mr. Forsyth Hardy, an old colleague and friend of Mr. Grierson, has done his work so effectively that I hesitate to pick holes. But a future edition would be improved if some inevitable repetitions were cut; or better still, Mr. Grierson should now revise and add to what he has written.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Leaves in the Wind. By HENRY BAERLEIN. *Stanley Paul.* 16*s.* net.

Mr. Baerlein's travels have become quite encyclopaedic and the contents of this volume range from Mexico to the Balkans, the Holy Land, Bessarabia, and Cyprus. It is a better volume to dip into than to read on end. The print is disagreeably small, but the photographs are excellent except that they are generally stuck into the wrong place, as for instance the photograph of Avila in the article on Cyprus. The descriptions of Avila and Cyprus are both at his highest level. He has a curious way of breaking into verse like the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*, some of which is pleasant enough, especially the sonnet on page 97. The account of Podgoritza Prison in Montenegro shows the Governor in difficulties with modern progress. He allowed every prisoner to have a woman with him so as to live a good domestic life; but this conflicted with the new doctrine that an innocent person should not be imprisoned.

Mr. Baerlein's dialogues with all sorts and conditions of men and women sometimes sound almost too good to be true. This from Poland: "Have you looked inside the school? we asked. They seemed astonished and a little scandalized at our not knowing that it is a saint's day, one of the big Russian saints. The Polish captain said that he was interested in this holiday. He said that if they closed the school on all the days of Russian saints it would be closed quite often. 'After all,' he smiled, 'this is not Russia, it is Poland.' A young man who was a little less shy than the others, then replied that they knew very well they were in Poland. On account of that they only kept the saints days of the large Russian saints. They did not keep the days of smaller ones. 'Who has to determine where to draw the line,' the Polish officer inquired, 'what saint is of sufficient size to be included in the list?' A father of the village answered him. 'Such folk as we are cannot settle that,' quoth he. 'It seems to me,' I said, 'that you have every reason to be thankful. That saint who is just below the line will probably be full of indignation. To have an angry saint among your enemies is very disagreeable.'"

La France Bourgeoise XVIII—XX Siecles. By CHARLES MORAZÉ. *Armand Colin.* 155 *fr.*

This book is another impressive demonstration by a French scholar of a successful synthetic conception of the social sciences. M. Morazé, an eminent economic historian, presents us with an evolution and appreciation of the French bourgeoisie from the 16th century to the present day. The result of the recent referendum on the new French Constitution may be regarded as a topical illustration of M. Morazé's argument.

The author follows the history of the French bourgeoisie in his demographical, physical, mental and social development. He records the changing population, status, food habits, physical and mental traits of France. M. Morazé's pages on the social thought of the French enlightenment rank perhaps amongst the finest accounts of this much discussed subject. His analysis of the idea of the State from Bodin to the 20th century is probably more profound on the earlier period than on the latter one.

"Richesse inerte et psychologie de crainte" is the significant heading of the last chapter. M. Morazé ends by giving this advice to his countrymen: "Il faudra nous jeter hardiment dans la création de cette gigantesque civilisation scientifique dont nous avons été ses premiers créateurs." Yet one wonders whether the author does not think too much in terms of the French enlightment?

SERIOUSLY

They are WONDERFUL for RHEUMATIC PAINS

I have some particularly good news! It is a speedy way of relieving Rheumatic Pains. Thousands are profoundly thankful for being introduced to this way — It's Beecham's Powders! They are truly wonderful for they quickly ease the ache or attacks of pain, and life becomes more bearable. Quickly absorbed they are speedy in action. Beecham's Powders also have a great reputation for Nerve Pains, Headaches, Lumbago and Colds.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4
Single Powders 2½d. each.

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½
ACT LIKE MAGIC

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE
EXHIBITION

to celebrate the 90th birthday of
BERNARD SHAW
AT
7, ALBEMARLE ST., W.1
10-6 daily (ex. Sunday) Adm. 1/-

PRINTING TRADES' DISPUTE

Deliveries of this paper are subject to delays, up to 24 hours, during the present trade dispute.

ELLERMAN AND BUCKNALL LINE TO SOUTH AFRICA

CAPETOWN
PORT ELIZABETH
EAST LONDON
DURBAN

ELLERMAN & BUCKNALL STEAMSHIP Co. Ltd.
104-6, Leadenhall Street,
London, E.C.3
Telephone: AVEnue 1011

Week-end Competitions

No. 861

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a letter written more in sorrow than in anger. Not more than 200 words. Entries by August 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 858

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P. for Orpington, found himself last Monday broadcasting in the company of four speakers who were actually Socialists, two of them, moreover, being French! "The atmosphere in the studio," he complains, "was terrifying. I felt I was in the presence of evil, which made it all the more difficult to express myself adequately." Competitors are invited to submit rhymed spells with the help of which other members of the Stock Exchange may, in similarly alarming circumstances, exorcise the powers of evil and recover the power to express themselves.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Perhaps, in strict justice to Sir Waldron, I should have mentioned that, to increase his embarrassment the lady who broadcast with him had painted nails. But this part of his ordeal could—or so I felt—be faced by the braver among his fellow stockbrokers without recourse to supernatural help. I regret that there is not room to print the excellent entries of M. Chisholm, I. C. Saul, Guy Innes, J. R. Till, E. T. Scheffauer, F. C. Lander and Granville Garley. I recommend a first prize of two guineas for L. E. J., a guinea each to Trapezites (whose entry flags a trifle at the end), and to A. C. Simmons, and half a guinea each to Fergie, Stanley J. Sharpless, W. J. P., and Suomynona.

Dithery Smithery Tory me
All alone in the B.B.C.
Frenchery stenchery Reds among,
Muttery, stuttery lost my tongue.

Worcestery mystery Stanley Boy,
(Buffery Orpington's only joy),
Piggery pipery Fulhamy Stan,
Come to the help of a terrified man!

Hoaricide toricide lips unseal!
Brimstony Winstony thunder steal!
Waldrony cauldrony boil for Reds!
Nursery cursery on their heads!

[N.B.—Sir Waldron Smithers was the author of a moving election song called "Stanley Boy."]

L. E. J.

Blue Magic

Ban, ban, avoid, avaunt!
Evil thing, no more haunt,
Tongue-tie terror tease nor taunt.
Primrose, Camrose, in my hand—
Wave of blue-beribboned wand—
Thing of evil, be thou banned.
Stock and share, shock and stare
At my foemen of the air.
Scrip add grip to tongue and lip,
Banish verbal trap and trip.
Out upon you, fie and out
In your gutter splutter, stutter,
While upon unshaken legs
Word as rich and sure as eggs
Sweet as honey, smooth as butter,
I mellifluously spout.

TRAPEZITES

Red hot brokers
Search in crannies
For household bevans, coal-black mannies,
Make an extra journey
For the big blufferny.
Poolypont, bextersea and batley,
Hammerclemattley.
Jobbergoblins
Whet your nippers
For small redellens, strachies, crippers,
Capture hugh and herby
And the baker of Derby,
Poolseabat, bexterley and ponty,
Winnieandmonty.

A. C. SIMMONS

Evil influence I defy
With this primrose raised on high:
Isaacs' dark hypnotic guile,
Morrison's voluptuous smile,
Laski's wanton, sidelong glance,
Tomlinson's Salome dance,
From the studio they shall go,
Eeny meeny miney mo.
Other influence I apply,
Banner of St. George I fly:
Winterton's colossal brain,
Bracken's cool and reason'd strain,
Hannon's sure command of fact,
Beaverbrook's unfailing tact,
To the studio they shall come,
Eenty teenty haligo lum.

FERGIE

Right is Right and Left is Wrong,
Death to All Who Don't Belong.
Round about the cauldron go,
In the poisonous Leftists throw:
Liberal's heart, Progressive's head,
Liver of a bloody Red,
Next, the slowly plucked out eyebrow
Of a supercilious highbrow,
Then add hissing Fabian's phlegm,
Guts of Gollancz, bones of Clem,
Tongue of Joad and brain of Webb,
Bladder of a rowdy Pleb,
Now the baneful Leaf that's found
On Turnstile's unhallowed ground;
Cool the broth with Strachey's blood,
And thicken all with gutter mud.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Macbeth. Act IV, Scene 1.
A Tavern in Throgmorton Street.
In the middle Sir Waldron Smithers, boiling.
Thunder (on the Left).
Enter three Witches in business suits.

1st Witch: Round about Sir Waldron go,
In the excess profits throw.
Charms of Eden, gall of Hogg,
Loose controls that cling and clog.

2nd Witch: Blenheim spaniel's dulcet tongue
Reconversion's iron lung,
Finger of a Master Baker,
Tax Accountant's midnight taper,
Prophet Garvin's bated breath
Moscow bogey flogged to death,
Beaver's lips and tips of Bracken
Dire Aphonia's clutches slacken.

3rd Witch: Cool it all with Dalton's blood
Then the Charm is Firm and good.

Enter Lord Catto as Hecate.

O! Well done. I commend your pains
And everyone shall share i' the gains.
(Music and a Song. Black Spirits, etc.)

W. J. P., after W.S.

(This spell is usually ineffective unless accompanied by ghostly music.)

Come, ye spirits of the Tawrie,
Powndes and Schilynges, Stoks and Shayres,
Gleam and glitter in your glorie,
Snatch our Socialistic tares.
Strike, with silver sabres slashynge
Every Frenchie in the room;
Cast where tattered teeth are gnashynge
Alle the host of Leonblum.
Come, ye foule and midnite creatures,
Leave the forests, leave the skyes;
Shew yourselves unearthly teachers
To the Socially Unwise.
Prowlynge wolfe and preyinge vulture,
Cat that meows and dog that barks,
Fight beside the Cause of Culture—
Maule and mash the men of Marx.

SUOMYNONA

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

FURN. priv. bed-sit.-rm. (single) to let, 3 mins. tube. Belsize Ave. PRI. 5795.

CAMBORNE Chambers. Beaut. equip. service rooms, all mod. conven., central. 63 Leinster Sq., W.2. BAY. 0906.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and g. garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £2 25s. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI 1930.

WOULD exchange modern detached house, garage, Derby, for flat, or modern house, London. Box 991.

ARMY Officer (demob. Sept., Civil Servant) and wife seek flat furn./unfurn. North London. Box 1397.

COLLOQUIAL English, Swedish gentleman, age 36, wishes to stay with an English family or in a guesthouse in the south countryside during Sept.-Oct. in order to hear good English spoken. Some tutoring wanted. Write Gösta Dreborg, Nybrogatan, 43, Stockholm, Sweden.

BIRMINGHAM Young engineer requires digs King's Norton neighbourhood, convenient factory centre. September. Box 2185.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

BROOMHILL, Muddiford, Nr. Barnstaple. Own grounds (150 acres). Amenities of good hotel with advantages of a delightful private house. Rough shooting. Billiards room. Excellent meals. Tel. Shirwell 62.

A SHORT rest and change will enable many people to carry on. Lovely, peaceful surroundings, tranquil atmos. Tennis, squash, many unique features await you at Langdale Estate (N.), Gt. Langdale, Nr. Ambleside. Grns. 82.

ACHILL Island. Mountain View Hotel, Dugort, Westport, Co. Mayo. Overlooking sea, safe bathing, excellent cuisine, h. and c. water. Vacs. Sept., Oct. Mrs. S. H. Hoban.

RAJAH Restaurant, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Best Indian curry in town. Fully licensed. no house charge, private rooms for parties and socials, afternoon teas. Open every day till 11 p.m. ABBey 4188.

Where to Stay—continued

ROYAL Forest of Dean and Wye Valley. Poolway House, Coleford, Glos. Small 16th century manor, all mod. comforts. Illustrated brochure on applic. Phone Coleford 2129.

HOLIDAYS in Switzerland, £5 10s. weekly. Good food. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, Chalet Bon Accueil, Chateau d'Oex (Vaud).

Personal

EIRE. Join small party staying pleasant country house nr. Galway, bathing, boating, fishing. Sept. 7th-28th. Box 1876.

B.Sc. Hons. (Lond.) offers coaching in Maths., Chemistry, Physics., Matric. or Inter. Box A4702.

MR. C. A. NEIL, late of Dolphin Square, having recently been demobilised, has resumed his teaching of the technique of mental-physical re-education described in F. M. Alexander's books, "Man's Supreme Inheritance," "Constructive Conscious Control of the Individual," and "The Use of the Self," at 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. (Phone: Park 7222), in partnership with Mr. Eric de Peyer.

REBUILD the Religious Life of London. Support the Bishop of London's Appeal for £750,000 for Churches, Schools, Training of Clergy. Please send gifts to Bishop of London, 33 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply, Gen. Sec., 2-4 Tudor St. E.C.4.

WEST-END Gallery, ground floor available for Painters and Sculptors' personal shows Reasonable terms. Welbeck 1553.

FRENCH, Ital. corres. course by author. Attractive method. Box A4460.

HANDMADE pottery, fine china, Primavera, 149 Sloane St. S.W.1. SLO. 5779.

PRESS Cuttings, Personal refs., book reviews, almost any subject of technical/general interest. Inqs. giving dets. of requirements to: International Press-Cutting Bureau, Guildhall Chambers, Basinghall St. E.C.2.

NURSE Ollivier. Colds. Colonic irrigation. Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

Personal—continued

HOW to enjoy smoking—Fill your pipe with Tom Long Tobacco.

GAIN Word Mastery through amazing Idea and Word Chart. Makes conversation sparkling, writing more brilliant. Send 1d. stamp for Word Chart to Psychology Pubg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. NSN/HV8), Marple, Cheshire.

COUPON free, 19t quality gloving chamois, to make 2 pairs, with free pattern and simple instructions, 13s. 6d. Also basils for shopping bags and all accessories. Byfield & Co. (S.N.), 122 Brighton Rd., Purley.

BRUSH Up Your Memory. A new course of "Your Mind and How to Use It," by founder of Pelmanism. Complete 6 postal lessons, fee 30s. Pamphlet free. Enquire Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1.

A DAY in the life of your child. At meals, playing, bathing, sleeping. Photographed in your own home by a London professional photographer. Douglas Glass, 20, Abingdon Villas, W.8. Western 2336.

BURNT, torn and moth eaten garments invisibly mended in two weeks. Send or call, mark damages clearly. Bell Invisible Menders, Ltd., 109 Fleet St. E.C.4 (5 doors from Ludgate Circus).

HAVE you Cockroaches? Buy Blattis for great scientific cockroach exterminator, works wonders. Tins, 1s. 9d., 2s. 10d., 5s. Sole Makers, Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield 10, Chemists, Boots' Branches.

HAMMOCKS. Strong new string hammocks complete ready for use, ideal for garden. 20s. each, carriage free. H. Conway (Dept. 397), 174 Stoke Newington Church St. N.16.

AVOID Furs got by Torture. Write for Fur Crusade leaflet telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely with comments on various slaughter methods. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

VALLEY Libraries (Dept. N.S.), 173 St. Vincent St. Glasgow, pay top prices mod. fiction, good condit. Half price novels later than 1940; others accord. publishers' price. Book Soc. and Book Club edns. acceptable.

Personal—continued

"THE Nation." America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions 35s. yearly may be sent through the Publisher N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.2. Specimen copy on request.

SOCIAL Service. Consult N.C.S.S. Library and Books Advice Service, 32 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

TANTIVY Press of Malvern announce yet another edition is reaching shops of "The Pioneers" (9s.), Julian Mountain's much-discussed novel of socialism and miscegenation. ("All written by hand . . . superb": Frank O'Connor).

DRUGS Destroy Health — Read "Why Nature Cure?" 3d. from Secretary, Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MUSIC Parade, the Illustrated Miscellany for Music-Lovers, No. 2 from Smith's and good booksellers, 2s. Leighton Lucas, Sidney Harrison, Murray Davies, etc. Publr., Arthur Unwin, 3 England's Lane, N.W.3.

Schools and Educational

BELVEDERE College, Broxbourne. Prog. school for boys and girls (5-14), moving Sept. to Homefield Ct., Seaford, Sx., larger premises, 1 mile from sea. Parties from Dr. Crunder, "Rivesdene," Broxbourne, Herts.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough 299. Prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A. Head Mistress, Miss Theo. M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts. Home school for boys and girls, 3 to 13, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness.—Elizabeth Strachon. Tel. Ware 52.

SHERWOOD School (Epsom 9125).—A coeduc. Commun., aiming at indep., init. and friendliness Schl., Higher Certs.; boarding, day (exc. centre for Wimbledon, Sutton, Kingston, Leatherhead).